Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXXI No. 4 JANUARY 24, 1948 FIFTEEN CENTS

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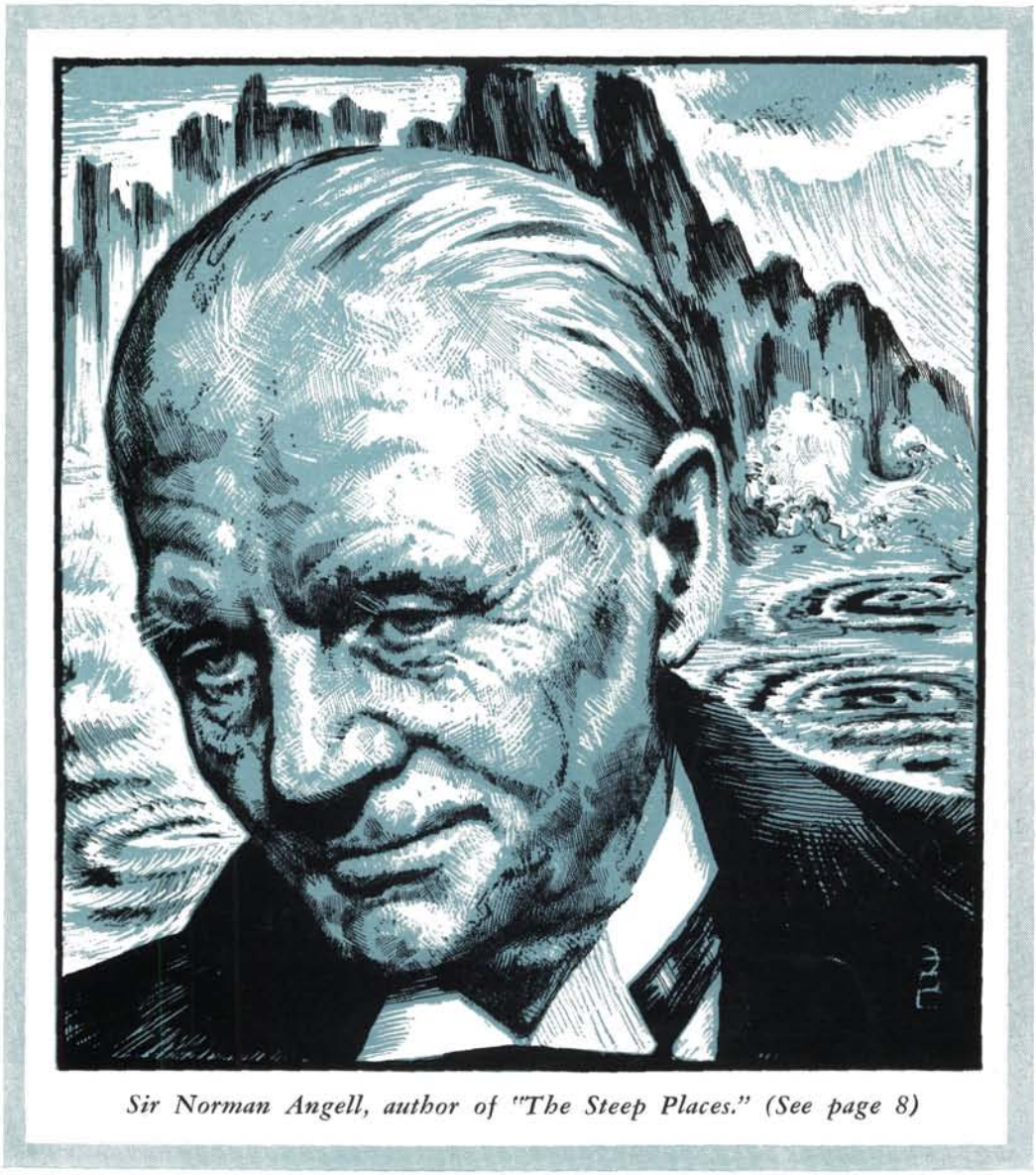

Sir Norman Angell, author of "The Steep Places." (See page 8)

The Return of Henry James

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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SRL Presents a Study of *Cause and Effect*

THE CAUSE: { *The following advertisement appeared in* The Saturday Review of Recordings *on October 25, 1947.*

RECORD ENTHUSIASTS AND COLLECTORS. Unique collection of hard-to-find, pre-war, mint-condition domestic and imported records. Free Catalogue yours upon request. Is it worth a penny postcard? Send for it today. Write Gallery Music, 7 West 46 St., N.Y.C. 19.

THE EFFECT:

We have enjoyed such unusual success with our advertising* in the Saturday Review of Recordings that we feel we should give you a report on the results.

We received over 500 replies from thirty-six states, Canada, Hawaii, District of Columbia and an Army Pacific A.P.O. This also includes one man who took a train in from Cleveland to get an early choice and he is ready to do the same the next time we announce a similar collection.

Apparently the nature and original purpose of the Saturday Review is so firmly and successfully entrenched in the minds of your readers that they also ordered books from us although we are specifically a record firm and our ad appeared in the Recordings' section.

We filled orders amounting to $700.00 and turned down another $400.00 worth because we were unable to fill the orders. We also have on hand another $500-$1000 worth of unfilled orders which our small staff is trying to expedite.

It is now two and one-half months since the advertisement appeared in the Saturday Review of Recordings, yet today, eight more letters and cards arrived including another reorder of which we had a great many.

GALLERY MUSIC
—Ben Altman
New York City

January 6, 1948.

*Believe it or not, the ad cost only $10.50.

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January 24, 1948

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

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Sexual Behavior in the Human Male

●

By

KINSEY, POMEROY *and* MARTIN

of Indiana University

●

Based on surveys made by members of the Staff of Indiana University and supported by the National Research Council with Rockefeller Foundation funds.

This book has been published in the interests of better sex education. It is an objective, factual study of sexual behavior in the human male presenting data secured by the authors in the course of a nine-year survey in which some 12,000 persons, of all ages and in all walks of life, contributed personal sex histories.

Although designed primarily for workers in the fields of medicine, biology, psychology, sociology, anthropology and allied sciences, and for teachers, social workers, personnel officers, and law enforcement groups, it offers data that will interest other persons who are seriously and constructively concerned with a better understanding of present-day sexual problems.

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in the HUMAN MALE

Name .....

Address SRL-2

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SRL readers are

"Widely read and *widely travelled*"

reports the ROSS FEDERAL RESEARCH CORP.

IN A VOLUMINOUS REPORT on *Saturday Review* readership, the Ross Federal Research Corporation reached this conclusion:

Readers of the *SRL* are a group of persons of considerable earning power, physically and mentally very active, widely read and *widely travelled.*

In June 1947, the editors of the *SRL* started an unusual bi-weekly feature, *"Booked for Travel,"* designed especially for its readers who are widely read and widely travelled. Here authorities on specific areas discuss the latest books devoted to those areas. For example, in the coverage of South American countries, it had Spruille Braden; for the National Parks, Harold Ickes; for Alaska, Governor Ernest Gruening. And Horace Sutton, *SRL*'s travel editor, gives up-to-the-minute data on accommodations, costs, transportation facilities, etc. By Constellation and mule cart, by Ford and by foot, Mr. Sutton racked up 25,000 miles during 1947. From Cape Cod to Corsica, from Jersey to Geneva, our man saw nine foreign lands and half of these United States to bring you first-hand, on-the-scene reports from the world of travel.

Horace Sutton

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN FOR TRAVEL ADVERTISERS?

The *SRL* audience learns about travel books in *"Booked for Travel."* Travel books lead to travel business . . . highest-type patronage that can now be secured at the lowest advertising cost. A national tourist office received 153 requests for literature from *SRL* insertions costing a total of $100. An ad run three times by a Lake Placid hotel pulled 176 inquiries.

PARTIAL LIST OF NEW TRAVEL ADVERTISERS IN THE SRL

Moore-McCormack Lines
Swedish American Line
French National Tourist Office
Swiss National Tourist Office
Czechoslovak Tourist Office
Mexican Tourist Department
The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Co.
Missouri Pacific Lines

TRAVEL PLANS FOR SRL READERS

During the past four weeks *The Saturday Review* has been asking a representative cross-section of its readers in the 48 states some pertinent questions about their travel plans. The questions are listed in the box at the lower left-hand corner of this page. Everyone in the travel field will be interested in learning this highly illuminating information. Just clip the coupon to your business letterhead and send to *The Saturday Review.* You'll receive a copy of the survey by return mail.

QUESTIONS ASKED IN SRL TRAVEL SURVEY

1. Have you been thinking of a trip to Europe in the near future?
2. Would you prefer to go by luxury liner with sleeper accommodations or by fast, modern steamship in first-class accommodations—assuming costs to be the same?
3. Would your trip be for business or pleasure or both?
4. Have unsettled conditions abroad affected your travel plans?

SEND IN THE COUPON NOW FOR THE ANSWERS

SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 W. 45 St., N. Y. 19

Please send me a copy of the results of the *SRL* travel survey.

Name .....

Title .....

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City .....Zone .....State.....

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TRADE Winds

THE ACCENTUATED ROAR of the presses at Doubleday's Garden City plant means only one thing to initiates: a new tome by the irrepressible Dr. Morris Fishbein is in the works. This time it is an exhaustive manual called "Successful Marriage," and Doubleday's knowing Milo Sutliff predicts it will outsell even the Fishbein "Modern Medical Adviser." So does the doctor's perspicacious younger daughter, and at this sort of prognostication, the miss is as good as the Milo. "The Medical Adviser," incidentally, crossed the one million, three hundred thousand mark in November 1947. His other books—nineteen in all—have sold another two million copies. You can understand why Dr. Fishbein's enemies call him a "medical Midas" and a "drugstore Dumas." A few enemies more or less mean nothing in the doctor's busy life. "I've been sued for thirty-five million dollars in libel suits," is his boast, "and I have never lost a cent."

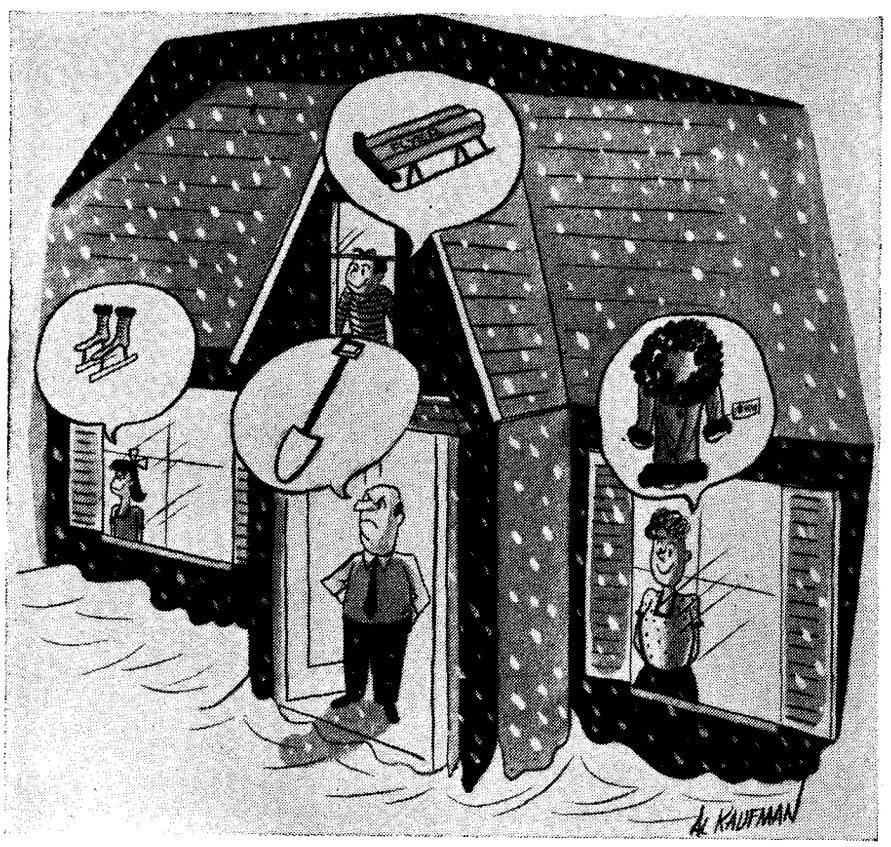
Dr. Fishbein has been editor of the official *Journal of the American Medical Association* for twenty-three years. Of the 190,000 doctors in America, 130,000 are members of the AMA, so the impact of the Fishbein point of view scarcely can be exaggerated. When he charges furiously against medical quacks of every description, or plumps unceasingly for better and more thorough medical research, that point of view cannot be challenged. When he fights with equal abandon, however, against any kind of socialized medicine, there are many who howl loudly—and thus far in vain—for a purge of "the medical trust's lobby horse." The unperturbed doctor marches on. When Britain's Labor Government framed its National Health Service Bill, calling for free hospitalization and operations when necessary, he cried, "A nation which fought successfully against totalitarianism now proposes to enslave its medical profession, and convert its physicians into clock-watching civil servants." The Labor Party evidently didn't hear him.

Dr. Fishbein began his literary career as a ghost writer for many famous physicians who wielded a scalpel better than a fountain pen. Then he began to write reviews under his own by-line. Gentle was not the word for Morris. Of one little number called "Laugh and Grow Fat," he wrote, "There is too much laughing. Already the number of grinning simpletons is appalling." Today, however, he knows more jokes than I do, and tells them oftener. At the end of World War I, he became a member of a distinguished group that whiled away Saturday afternoons in poker games in the back of Pat Covici's bookstore on Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and that included also Clarence Darrow, Ben Hecht, Keith Preston, and Henry Justin Smith. There the alert Horace Liveright encountered him, and persuaded him to write a book called "The Medical Follies." From that day on, at least one Fishbein title has been a continuous feature of all best-seller lists.

Time calls Dr. Fishbein "the nation's most ubiquitous, most widely maligned, and perhaps most influential medico." To this description I would like to add "most entertaining." What his partner in a recent bridge game added when he made an original bid of "seven clubs," vulnerable, and went down one, had best be left to the reader's imagination. . . .

THE FEVERISH DEVICES of some of the lesser book clubs to drum up trade recall the stratagem of a clothing manufacturer described by the late Montague Glass. The merchant was stuck with a huge inventory of fur-lined coats in a style suddenly gone out of fashion. He billed twenty of his best accounts with a dozen each of the coats, and then delivered them thirteen, relying upon their cupidity to make the shipments stick. He underestimated the resourcefulness of his buyers, however. Every one of them returned twelve coats for credit. . . . Bernie Hart is fashioning a new play, based on the Lizzie Borden case. The title: "I Dismember Mama.". . . And Abe Burrows's latest song sensation (hurray for our parlor wits!) is "Papa Wants a Third Party; He's Been Thrown Out of Two Tonight." . . . An editor of the Columbia University Press informed his wife, "Now they've formed a Cheese-of-the-Month Club." She answered politely, "Who was nominated this month?" . . . The first issue of *Touchstone*, a literary magazine edited by James Blumgarten at 17 East 42 Street, New York, features a perky and authoritative survey of the current publishing scene by John Farrar. . . . At the last Herald Tribune Book and Author Luncheon, Irita Van Doren was completely bowled over by a bright-eyed little lady who clutched her arm and whispered urgently, "Please, *please*, Mrs. Van Doren, go on having children." . . .

BACK IN 1898 the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity had its fiftieth-anniversary convention. Late in October 1947, a group of the "survivors" met in New York to celebrate their forty-ninth



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An Invitation to the **Heartland of Europe**

CZECHOSLOVAKIA *warmly welcomes Americans to visit behind the so-called "IRON CURTAIN!"*

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Despite "iron curtain" talk, American daily papers are sold in most of our cities. Travel is absolutely unrestricted.

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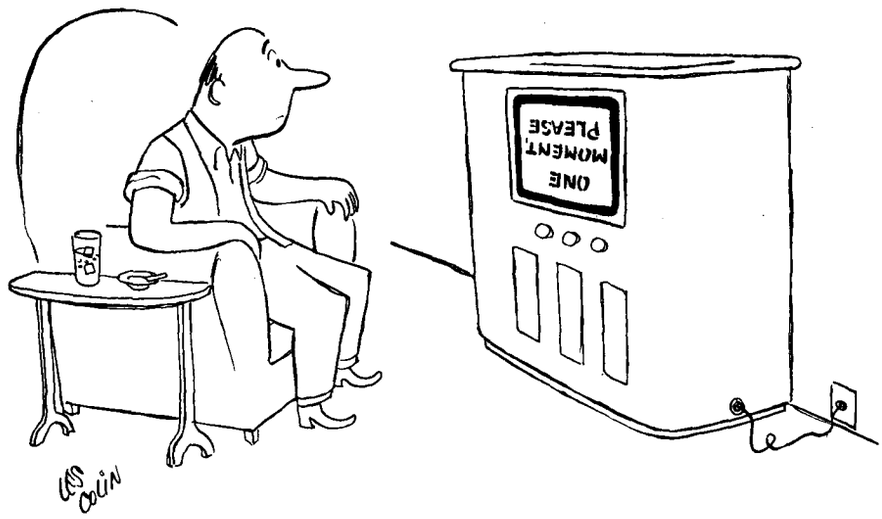
For booklets, information, etc.: Write Box — 520 "Czechoslovakia"—1819 Broadway, New York



reunion. To this group Lloyd C. Douglas, who as an undergraduate at Wittenberg College had represented his chapter at the '98 conclave, sent the following greetings, as reported in the December issue of *The Phi Gamma Delta*:

> I am not only missing the recovery of your recollections . . . but I should have enjoyed seeing how you all look, after this lapse of nearly half a century. Perhaps it would have been heartening to me, at seventy, to observe how battered, grizzled, and infirm you are, compared with my own bright and youthful appearance; for (if I may say so with any modesty at all) I am still fit as a fiddle, except for diabetes and a pretty bad case of arthritis which has slowed up my locomotion to the speed of the three-toed sloth of San Salvador.
>
> If it is of any interest to you—or even if it isn't—I came by this crippling arthritis, three years ago, in a peculiar manner. I was the guest at an autographing party in a book store. A nice old lady, who did not own any of my books but thought she wanted my autograph, asked me to write my name on the fly-leaf of her Bible. And because it was easier to comply—she was hard of hearing—than to explain why I shouldn't, I accommodated her, thus causing a little misunderstanding between me and The Author of The Book. The arthritis followed, shortly afterward, and was, I feel, a just penalty for my impertinence. . . .

NEWLY-PUBLISHED PLAYS in book form: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (New Directions); "Command Decision" (Random House) . . . Taylor Caldwell's next novel will have the Philadelphia of the post-Civil War days as a background. . . . There's a new Somerset Maugham on the way, too. It's called "Catalina." . . . John Hersey's "Hiroshima" has now appeared in eleven languages. The American sale is over 600,000, plus complete serialization in eighty newspapers. The issue of *The New Yorker* that carried it first is a collector's item. . . . Morrow (with a big assist from Pocket Books) has an author whose sales are even more staggering—Erle Stanley Gardner. His biggest success, "The Case of the Lucky Legs," is now over the two million mark. Total sale of his books in 1946: 5,378,337 copies! . . . Idwal Jones's new novel, "Vines in the Sun (Prentice-Hall), is a romantic history of the vineyards of California. . . . When Sinclair Lewis's "It Can Happen Here" was published in 1935, some critics labeled the satire "a bit far-fetched." Here is an exact quotation from page 2:

> Nor could any social-minded patriot sneeze at Mrs. Gimmitch's recent, somewhat unappreciated effort to maintain the purity of the American Home by barring from the motion-picture industry all persons, actors or directors or cameramen, who had (A) ever been divorced, (B) been born in any foreign country—except Great Britain, since Mrs. Gimmitch thought very highly of Queen Mary, or (C) declined to take an oath to revere the Flag, the Constitution, the Bible, and all other peculiarly American institutions.

Funny fellow, that Lewis. . . .

THE CONCERT SERIES of the Little Orchestra Society at Town Hall, with Thomas Scherman conducting, has brought out a full quorum of the publishing fraternity. Benny Goodman was the soloist recently, and seemed deeply happy, not only to be playing Mozart and Busoni, but to be rid of the bobby-soxed imbeciles who used to dog his steps when he played the Paramount. . . . The fickle little monsters seem to have deserted Frank Sinatra, too. Most of them now haunt the entrances of celebrity traps like "21," the Colony, and the Stork, autograph albums in hand. Others probably have landed where they belonged in the first place—in insane asylums. Some of them, even—O intoxicating thought—may have dropped dead.

BENNETT CERF.

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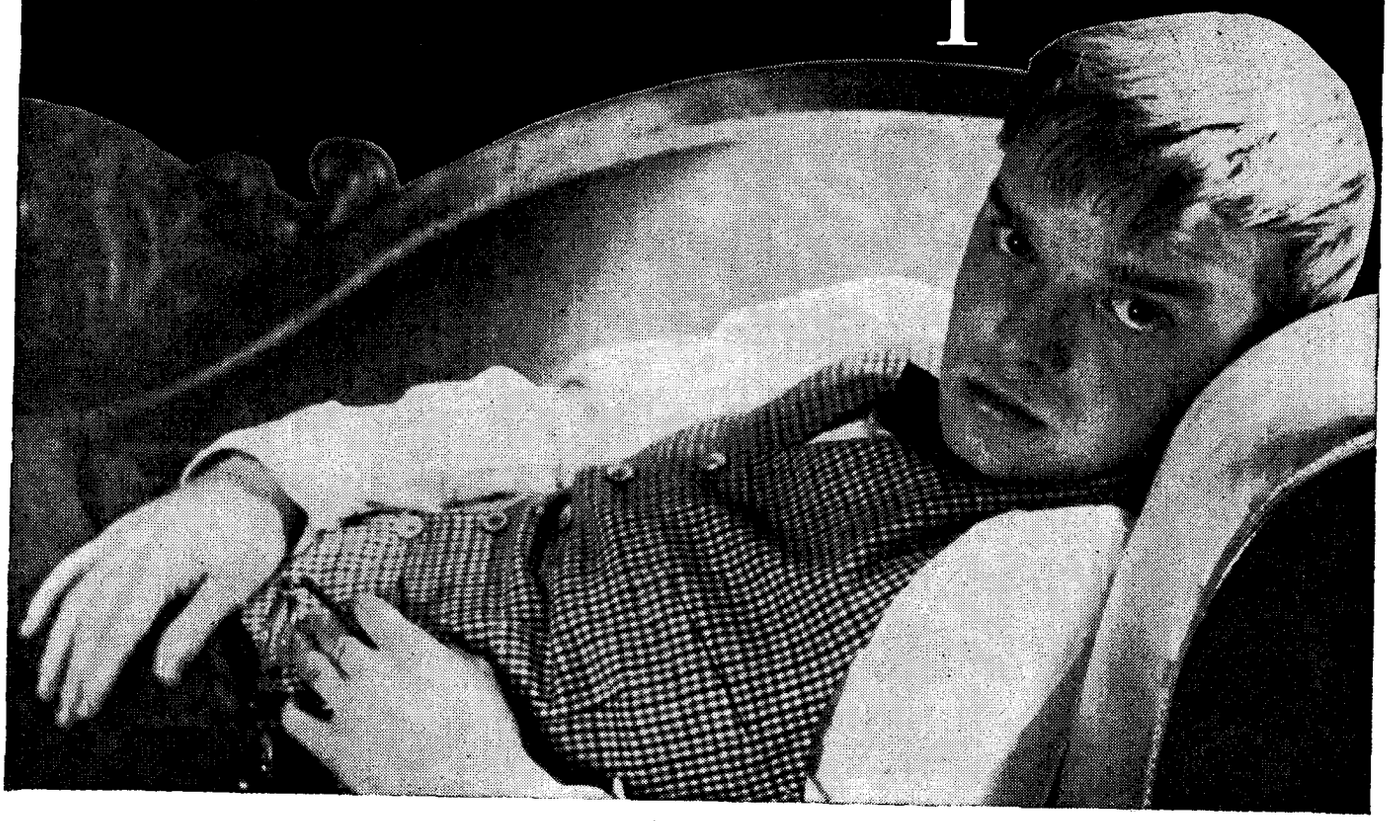
THIS IS Truman Capote



His amazing first novel marks the debut
of a powerful new talent in American literature

Other Voices, Other Rooms

➡ It happens rarely, perhaps once in a decade, but every now and then an author appears who has that magical quality that fires discussion months before his book is published. This was true of William Saroyan. It is especially true of Truman Capote.

➡ Six months ago, LIFE magazine ran an article about *Young American Writers;* a full-page photograph of Truman Capote headed the piece. Almost as many months ago, a San Francisco bookseller had individual orders for 23 copies of OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS; what made this so unusual was the fact that our own West Coast representative had not yet begun selling the book! These were the first inklings that something impressive had begun to happen. There were others.

➡ When the manuscript finally arrived we understood why everybody was saying that *Capote* was *the* important new name in American letters. For here was a tour de force . . . vaguely reminiscent of *William Faulkner* and *Carson McCullers* yet utterly unlike either of them. In a style as infinitely varied as the scenes and episodes, *Truman Capote* tells the wonderful tale of a sensitive adolescent's discovery of the beauty and horror of adult life.

➡ On one level it is the story, sometimes amusing, sometimes uncanny, of a boy's wandering search for his father, and of how he becomes entangled in the feverish lives of some people in a desolate Southern rural community during one long and lowering summer. On another level it is a deeply moving, haunting study of evil . . . as terrifying and unforgettable as anything you have ever read.

➡ But there is much more to this book than its iridescent plot. Joel's adventures, whether of mind or body, reveal themselves through a new dimension in language . . . the words have color and music . . . there are weird undertones of unnamed peril, and the almost unbearable pain and excitement of a young boy's growing awareness of the lights and shadows of the adult world.

➡ With OTHER VOICES, OTHER ROOMS, Truman Capote has become an important American novelist. Though he is only 23 years old, he is more than "a young man of promise." As the author of many brilliant short stories and now this distinguished and exciting first novel, he is the young man who has delivered on his promise. $2.75

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Bestsellers

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by Maritta Wolff

KINGSBLOOD ROYAL
by Sinclair Lewis

MIND AND BODY: Psychosomatic Medicine
by Dr. Flanders Dunbar

POSTSCRIPT TO YESTERDAY
by Lloyd Morris

LINDEN ON THE SAUGUS BRANCH
by Elliot Paul

THE STEEPER CLIFF
by David Davidson

HELLBOX
by John O'Hara

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY

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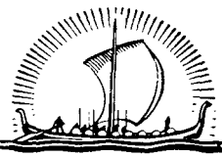
THESE VIKING NAMES ARE 1948 BOOK NEWS



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February Book-of-the-Month Club Selection *Illustrated* $3.75

THE GREAT REHEARSAL

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WHITE **"This exceedingly brilliant and likable novel is written with an almost miraculous liveliness . . .**

"Ripples with gaiety and a razor-edged love of life."—IRIS BARRY, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "A very real expression of imagination and intelligence and subtly moving in a way it is not easy to express."—ALFRED KAZIN $3.00

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Rebecca
WEST **"Her most admirable and important book . . . the purest, finest, and most modern English voice there is."**—STRUTHERS BURT, *Saturday Review*

"Indisputably the world's No. 1 woman writer."—*Time.* "Written with an incomparable brilliance of style. The book confirms Rebecca West's position as one of the few genuinely inspired of contemporary writers."—JAMES GRAY, *Chicago News* $3.50

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John
STEINBECK **"In this short, gem-like book . . . Steinbeck is back in the mood which has endeared him to his legion of readers**

"It's the mood of *Tortilla Flat* and his other tales of simple people. . . . There's not a turn of phrase which does not call up an unforgettable picture."—DUDLEY JENKINS, *Philadelphia Bulletin.* ***With five original drawings by José Clemente Orozco*** $2.00

THE PEARL

at all booksellers

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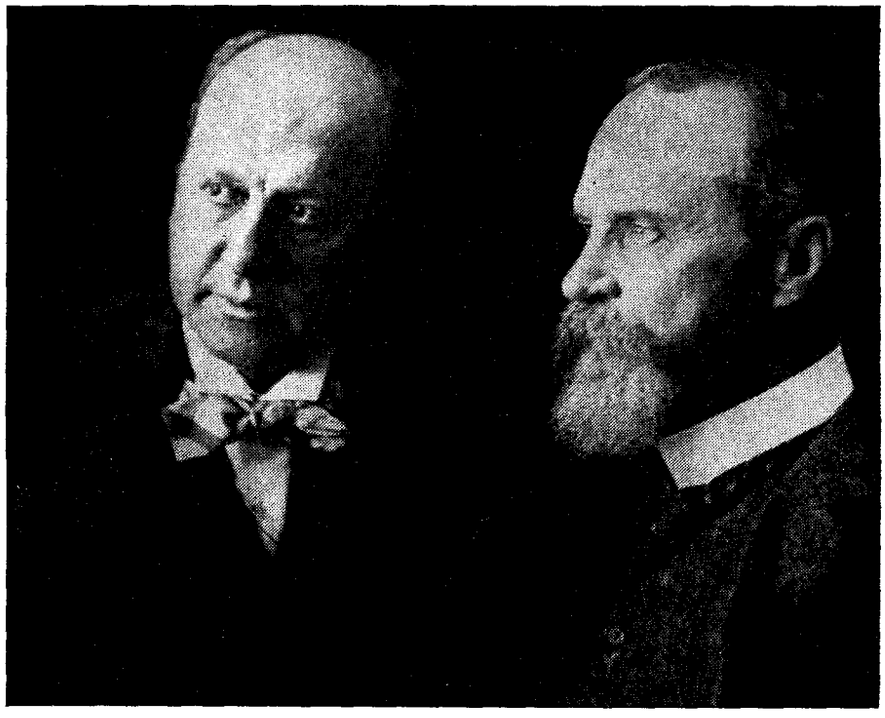
The Saturday Review of Literature

The Return of Henry James

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



"For Henry James the exploring of the individual's consciousness was the most interesting occupation in the world . . . with William James the question of what was morally worth while was to be studied in its results."

WHEN famous books rise from the lunar regions of sterile classics into the warmth of lively reading and discussion, there is usually an interesting reason. Except for "Daisy Miller" and a few of his short stories, Henry James was never popular, though widely respected. Now it seems probable that he will be more widely read in the future than in his lifetime. Within a few years reprints of his best books have begun to appear rapidly, and criticism, biography, and expert appreciation have accompanied them. F. O. Matthiessen, his most devoted and subtlest expositor, has re-edited this past year the so-called American novels and stories.* More recently, with Kenneth Murdock, he has published the invaluable and unique notebooks of Henry James**, and finally a history of the James family.*** This ample volume contains so much illustrative material from the writings of the James family that, so far as Henry is concerned, it is not too much to say that any intelligent reader can get an adequate education in James by purchasing this book, one or two collections of short stories, and two or three of his best novels —say, "Daisy Miller," "The Ambassadors," and "The Wings of the Dove."

But why has he come back with a wreath of esteem about his shoulders into an age far removed in literary time from his own? The nineteenth-century society, in whose finer flowers and fruit he rejoiced, has decayed or been blasted by two wars. The powerful, yet delicate and rather fleshless, women who were his delight have retired before a horde of the never-young, never-old, who trip from bed to bed (I am talking of novels!) without ever maturing, or discovering by any form of analysis what is the matter with them or why they are unhappy. It is an age in which the "man of leisure," who alone interested James, has become a rarity unless in night clubs. To savor private life except as a nationally shared experience is unfashionable, perhaps immoral. What place here for a writer who, as H. G. Wells said, never looked at a woman below her waist; one who regarded a "situation" of imaginative "density" between entirely articulate people as alone worth a novelist's attention? H. J. never could read other people's novels, because he began mentally to rewrite them as soon as he got under way. He praised the information in the "slice-of-life" novels of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett which are the lusty parents of our cockroach and caviar school of smart, tough journalism today, but was shocked by the complete absence of what he called art. Why write at all, if you do not intend to re-create and interpret for the imagination, he would say. Why so naïvely and vulgarly describe as in a newsreel the female in characteristic functions or the male in his greedy illusions, if there is not depth enough in the process to justify new soundings? A candid photographer could give you the facts. And indeed is not this society which talks so much about sex rather sexless except in the most primitive senses of the term? By comparison, for example, with the eighteenth century? And yet James is coming back.

I think that the most obvious reason why H. J. is gaining new and fascinated readers is that his style is no longer too difficult for us. It is difficult still as any writer's will be who plunges after meanings that lie beyond the plummet's sounding. But it is not nearly so difficult as much modern poetry, which underdrops James like Mr. Beebe in a superbathysphere. The truth is that when his readers were sufficiently interested, his over-elaborations never bothered them too much—they always had a fascination. What really made James so difficult for his own generation was, I think, that he was a psychologist like his brother William, although he used his psychology for the purposes of art. He studied *behavior*—spiritual and intellec-

*THE AMERICAN NOVELS AND STORIES OF HENRY JAMES. Edited by F. O. Matthiessen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 993 pp. $5.

**THE NOTEBOOKS OF HENRY JAMES. Edited by F. O. Matthiessen and Kenneth B. Murdock. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 425 pp. $6.

***THE JAMES FAMILY. A Group Biography, together with Selections from the Writings of Henry James, Senior, William, Henry, and Alice James. By F. O. Matthiessen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1947. 706 pp. $6.75.

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tual and emotional behavior—not for abstract deduction of principle but in the re-creation of personality. And this was in the youth of psychology, when the habit of thinking psychologically had not yet been widely formed. But our twentieth-century generation has been educated in psychology. Behavior for us is no longer good or bad behavior as with the Victorians. It is a key to unlock the true cause and nature of action. The kind of behavior James studies is to be found in situations far removed from common experience, but it is relatively easy for us to see what he is up to. Only the rhetorical difficulty of the style and the subtlety of the analysis remain as blocks to comfortable reading.

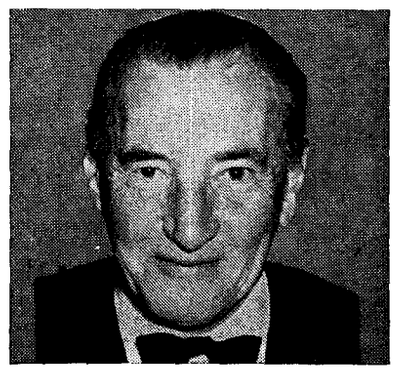
FOR A SECOND point, since we no longer think of James as having got off the novelist's line of plot and character into some unprofitable region of psychological experiment, the permanent value of what he did in such a great book as "The Ambassadors" is easier to grasp. That value is not merely historical, although you get vivid pictures of a society that was reasonably content at home and had Paris to be happy in. This society, to be sure, is historical, is gone. But it is simply not true, as so many critics from H. G. Wells on have said, that the social situations James made stories of exist only in that limited past now dead. Critics of Hawthorne (and he is Henry James's father in art) might well have said the same thing. H. J. himself, when the First World War broke about his head, felt that it was a sign of the breakup of everything that he had valued, and that his milieu was departing. (He could scarcely have conceived of a society like ours in which technology threatens to become the all of education and subtlety of analysis passes over to the machine.) Yet he was too much of an artist to think that an artist's truth is good only for one time and one culture. The stratified English society which gave him his opportunities might be dying or dead. But tradition does not die of mere change. The human situation whose "density" requires the most expert analysis will appear and reappear as long as there is civilization. In his youth, Henry could not find it in an America which seemed to him a brawl for power and wealth. Only a great writer, he said (meaning possibly, Balzac), could write of America intelligently then—and so he went abroad to live. Actually there was plenty to write subtly about in America of the 1860's and '70's for anyone with the right capacity for seeing. And likewise, our post-war society, though it seems either rough and tough or machine-patterned into conformity, may present new opportunities for such an art as James developed for a less hasty age. He proposed a great man to meet the challenge of the new American society. Now many of us wonder if something essential may not be learned from James himself.

Add a third good reason for a James revival, his craft. The craft of the American novel has seldom been lower than today. The mechanics of our good novelists are excellent, but since Willa Cather died who among them, except Thornton Wilder, has perfectly fitted his composition to the needs of his subject? It is not a question of greatness or of importance. These can be had with only adequate craft. It is a question of adjusting your method of telling to the exact needs of a subject—of finding a focus, of arranging a perspective, of making the novel feel, not like expert journalism, but the thing itself, the situation which has been created in society and seeks a form. The situations may vary with the epoch or the interest of the writer, but the need of adjustment is imperative always. Henry Fielding, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry James, all knew, all felt, all worked for that adjustment and attained it. Our currently successful writers of the bed-and-night-club department of journalistic fiction deal with such shallow situations that James might have regarded them as needing no adjustment by the writer except adequate English. But would our writers learn a craftsmanship worthy of their art if they did have a vital theme? Dreiser did not.

The reader who has not thought much about the necessity of a right form in which a novelist's situation must emerge, and which makes it articulate and therefore truly to exist, whereas in real life it may be inchoate—such a reader may not understand what all this bother is about. Let him read then in these extraordinary notebooks of Henry James which have just been published. They are, I believe, the most valuable source books for the craft (I do not mean the criticism) of fiction that exist in English. Miss Bosanquet who was for some years H. J.'s amanuensis, told me how these notes were created. He would come to the dictating room full of matter, and begin to dictate as he walked up and down, speaking slowly, and with constant goings-back or pointings ahead. Usually he talked to himself, though sometimes to her, and sometimes to the spectral presence of a Balzac, or a Hawthorne, or a Flaubert. He was not writing his novel, he was describing it; the situation was turned, molded, analyzed, given this shape and that; the relationships were indicated; ways and means proposed, and when the vast manuscript was concluded, he took it away to brood over, and then later came back and began his story. All this fuss is quite unnecessary unless you propose to write the best fiction your skill and imagination can provide. Henry James did. Many a writer today, wearying of a slick or mechanical technique or rough blundering through incident, is seeking a master in the craft. This is a reason why H. J. is coming back.

There is still another reason for the recent shift of winds that blow on Henry James's reputation. James in the 1920's, when literary criticism was more active than in this period of world unsettlement, had already been given his formula. Every writer of distinction gets his formula, usually in the half century after his death, and it lasts just about that long. He was described as a skilful

(*Continued on page* 34)



My Current Reading

Our reading list this week comes from **Lord Inverchapel,** the British Ambassador to the United States. The titles included seem to represent the favorite, rather than the current, reading of the Ambassador, who also mentions his partiality for the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, the "Elizabethans in general, and moderns."

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, *by James Boswell*
THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. *Anonymous*
HEBREW MYTHOLOGY IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. *Author unknown*
GREEK MYTHOLOGY, *by Homer, Hesiod, etc.*
HISTORY OF ENGLAND, *by Thomas Babington Macaulay*
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, *by Edward Gibbon*
THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY
ALICE IN WONDERLAND, *by Lewis Carroll*

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The World.

In Sir Norman Angell's latest book he blames much of the present impasse on the nationalisms of the West. Obviously, national-oriented thinking cannot be overcome until the Western peoples, who have always prided themselves on the rational approach, learn enough about the roots and growth of nationalism to do something about it. To understand its meaning one must dig back into the early history of Western culture, and even farther back into the beginnings of man, when primitive groups fought to control the river valleys, then spilled around the world in great migrations like those described in Gladwin's "Men Out of Asia." Both the Near East and the Far East at present are laboratories of the crude growth of Western-type nationalisms, and can be studied with profit in such books as Groseclose's "Introduction to Iran," reviewed below, Robert Payne's "Revolt of Asia," and "History of the Islamic Peoples," by Carl Brockelmann.

There Is Still Time

THE STEEP PLACES. By Norman Angell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 247 pp. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN A. KROUT

THE MORAL obligation to be reasonable! So might Sir Norman Angell have set down an explanatory subtitle for his even-tempered but incisive discourse on the barriers which shut us out from the peace we crave. In a world where many are already looking toward one of two alternatives—either the restriction of liberty under a totalitarian dictatorship or the collapse of Western civilization in atomic war—he stands firm in his conviction that for peoples, as well as for governments, there is still a chance to make the decisions which will guide mankind along a middle way. At a time when doctrinal passions and nationalistic desires are dividing us into fanatical groups, he believes, indeed he insists, that a temper of reasonableness can save us from the repetition of errors of public policy which made it impossible to avert the Second World War.

For almost forty years, ever since he wrote "The Great Illusion," Norman Angell has been seeking out the causes of war and the methods of maintaining a democratic society without resort to it. A certain clinical expertness in cutting through the false assumptions by which we live has given distinction to all his work. What he says, however heavy with controversial content, is never said in that emotional mood so typical of the zealot and so obstructive of lucid thought. Rarely has a clearer vision been revealed in such compelling prose.

The book before us is, in the main, profoundly disturbing. Its analysis of the human factor is the determination of public policy—local, national, and international—casts a long shadow over the years immediately ahead. How few the resources, and how difficult to use, that lie ready to hand for the correction of mankind's blunders! How long it takes to persuade men to forsake old errors! How easy it is for moral passion to give endurance to immoral causes! How willing men are—even the better educated among them—to defy facts which do not conform to the patterns of their prejudices! All this the author admits, not only in general terms, but with a wealth of sharply defined incident drawn from the sorry record of human failure since the outbreak of World War I. Yet he warns that cynical despair or "panic pessimism" concerning the possible improvement of public policies "can be as fatal as complacent optimism." There is still time, not to attain any theoretical perfection in "the application of reason to society" but to get close enough to that goal, so that we may become secure from such madness as atomic warfare.

The crux of the matter is not solely the problem of establishing adequate atomic control (important as that is). It is rather the need for a clearer definition of what we want above all else from the society in which we live; it is rather the necessity of finding that common ground on which all the democracies can stand in their effort to convince Russia that reasonable cooperation may yet preserve peace and insure social welfare. Let the author state the case:

> If we in the West are to adopt a policy of indefinite retreat before Russian power, we must face now

THE AUTHOR: When Ralph Norman Angell was seventeen he "got tired of the University of Geneva" and sailed off to America's Far West. He became a farm hand, "graduated to cowpunching," prospecting, and homesteading. Later, he says, "I walked into the *San Francisco Chronicle* and asked for a job, and they gave me one as a reporter. It was the same with the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*" In Paris, he reported the Dreyfus case for American newspapers, was editor of *Galignani's Messenger* from 1899-1903, then spent two years with the *Eclair*. The next decade he was general manager of the *Paris Daily Mail*, which he established for Lord Northcliffe, London newspaper tycoon. While *Foreign Affairs* editor (1928-31) he invented "The Money Game" to vivify fundamentals of currency and credit, and wrote "The Story of Money." The game looks something like "Monopoly," with playing cards, paper money, etc. "Bridge," he says crisply, "would be absolutely unteachable if we taught it the way we teach economics." Mr. Angell has never played cards frivolously. But he is emphatic that "we need new tools of education," and saddened that some teachers "were sniffy" about his contribution. It is used in private schools here and abroad. Other books by him include "The Great Illusion," "For What Do We Fight?," "Preface to Peace," "America's Dilemma," and "Let the People Know." He was Labor MP from 1928-31, has been on the Council of the Royal Institute of International Affairs since 1938, "can't imagine" why he was knighted in 1931, although his Nobel Prize for peace two years later is less speculative. He divides his year between New York and a cherished island off the Essex Coast, where he raises chickens and writes in a farmhouse tower. He also broadcasts, lectures, and lays bricks, is about five feet tall, seventy-three, and still walks as if he were wearing high-heeled, cowboy boots. R. G.

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just what that involves and not see it through rose-colored spectacles. Otherwise there will happen what happened before the Second World War: we acquiesce in the advance of a hostile system because we insist it is not so bad. Then when it is on top of us, we conclude that it is very bad indeed and decide to resist. But by that time the policy of aggression has attained a momentum too great to stop. The aggressor might have been deterred if he had realized earlier that he would be certain to meet the resistance he did finally meet.

This would follow the lines of policy which produced World War II; and it would be certain to bring the world once more into military conflict. The failure of peace would come less from a refusal to face the realities of international politics, or even the dangers of communism, than from a reluctance to admit that our chief desire is not world peace, but national security and economic prosperity. Here is a fact of "disturbing significance," for it may mean that the fissures of nationalism, dividing the Western nations, constitute a standing invitation to Moscow to continue her plans for domination beyond her borders.

Russia could be induced, so Mr. Angell believes, more quickly to adopt an attitude of reasonable negotiation if she knew that the Western point of view was not broken into fragments by international rivalries and intranational dissension. The divisions exist; it would be folly to ignore them. But they can be overcome by an increasing cooperation on the part of the Western nations.

A greater unity of the non-Russian world is not the alternative of an effective UN and the inclusion of Russia therein. It is the indispensable condition of UN success and the inclusion of Russia.

It may in time lead to a world authority that can give us the peace which only a sense of security in our own way of life can bring.

"The Steep Places" was obviously written primarily for English readers; and in some portions it falls too easily into the British idiom. Some readers will find an unnecessary defense of the policies of British imperial administrators; others may challenge the author's interpretation of Britain's role in world affairs. But no one will find naïveté or impractical suggestions in these pages. Grave though the crisis be, it is inspiriting to follow an analytical appraisal of the difficulties and opportunities we now face.

John Allen Krout, professor of history at Columbia University, is the author of "An Outline History of the United States" and other books.

Ancient Culture—Modern Problem

INTRODUCTION TO IRAN. By Elgin Groseclose. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 257 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by T. CUYLER YOUNG

IN THIS little book Elgin Groseclose, who has thus far been known for technical treatises on monetary problems and charming novels in Near Eastern settings, enters a new field of literary endeavor and tries to interpret for the general reader a people that boasts an ancient culture and poses a modern problem. Unfortunately it would appear that the author in this adventure has not been so successful, except where he can speak authoritatively about Iranian economics and finance and can deal with subjects which naturally lend themselves to romanticizing. Although there are some excellent sections where sympathetic insight and literary craftsmanship combine to stir a glowing appreciation of many aspects of the arts and graces of Persian life and culture, and equally competent appraisals of economic situations and problems faced by the Iranian people, this introduction falls short of becoming standard or indispensable; there are too many inaccuracies and inadequacies for such attainment.

It is well that the book is concerned primarily with recent and contemporary Iranian history and affairs, since the author reveals his limitations in the treatment of the ancient material. It is annoying to hear about the Persian "race" and to observe the loose and unscientific way in which this term is used; in the same category is the glamorous treatment of the Aryans, too reminiscent of Hitlerian racial romanticism. To be told that the "horse and the wheel first appear in history as major instruments of warfare" at the Medo-Babylonian siege of Nineveh (wrongly dated in 606 B.C.) pains the ancient historian. Why should Ahura Mazdah (Wise Lord), the God of Zoroaster, be interpreted as "The Lord of Great Knowledge" on one page while on that following the name is explained as "The Lord of Righteousness"?

Although there are occasional factual inaccuracies in the chapters dealing with very recent history in Iran, these are minor and need not prevent appreciation of valuable information about and keen interpretation of the contemporary scene in Iran. Yet the major shortcoming of the work arises from the author's absorption in this very "scene" — that which meets the eye, but without deeper appreciation of what lies behind and beyond the scene, which will almost invariably escape the visitor who does not command the vernacular of the people, however friendly his approach or extended his visit.

The author describes in considerable detail the social, economic, and political aspects of contemporary Iran and the attendant problems; more than once he struggles to set forth the moral and spiritual achievements, failures, and problems of the Persian people. But one comes to the end unsatisfied: there seems lacking any truly vicarious entering into Iranian life and thought with consequent understanding of the essential Persian problem — the intellectual and spiritual appraisal of Western culture and the proper and possible Iranian reaction and adjustment to it, with full appreciation of the realities of the modern world, and adequate loyalty to the essentials of inherited indigenous culture. But perhaps this is too much to expect of an "introduction."

These strictures and limitations aside, it remains true that in this very readable book we have some unique and valuable contributions to an understanding of the modern exponents of an ancient and glorious history, who are bound to play an increasing part in the history which is now in the making.

Lo, the Indian!

MEN OUT OF ASIA. By Harold Sterling Gladwin. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 390 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HARRY L. SHAPIRO

EVER since the commentators discovered Columbus's mistake and finally recognized that the American Indians were not the inhabitants of India, Cathay, or Zipangu, they have been busy trying to explain how whatever civilization they (the Indians) could boast of must have been acquired from Old World sources. One of the first suggestions along this line (refurbished repeatedly in the course of over four centuries) also solved the mystery of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel. They had migrated to America! The Mormons later found this a useful idea, too. Unfortunately, the Ten Lost Tribes have had other claimants as well, among them a solid little group of Britons. Another explanation involved Atlantis, long since disappeared below the waves of the Atlantic but formerly a way station for the culture bearers from Europe, who eventually reached the shores of America and established the civiliza-

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tions that impressed both Pizarro and Cortez.

What lay behind this kind of thinking was the inability of Europeans to imagine that a fragment of mankind isolated from the benefit of Old World inspiration could possibly achieve anything worthy of the name of civilization. Only by dint of the accumulation of archeological data and much patient effort was it finally possible in the last few decades to roll back these fancies and permit the achievements of the aboriginal inhabitants of America to stand forth in their own light, unobscured by the cultural veils of Europe, Asia, or Africa.

If, however, American archeologists had blandly assumed that they at last were on the right track, they had reckoned without Harold Sterling Gladwin. In "Men Out of Asia," a Whittlesey House prize book, Mr. Gladwin has taken up the problem of who the American Indians are anyway and how they came by the culture they possessed. Although he admits to a few qualms now and then, these do not appear to have inhibited him in the slightest degree. Mr. Gladwin's thesis boils down to this. There were six migrations that populated the New World. (There may also have been one or two others. Mr. Gladwin is a bit reluctant here, straining a little at a Negrito gnat.) The first (or second, if the Negrito can be swallowed) were the Australoids, brothers or first cousins at least, to the Australian aborigines. They arrived between 25,000 and 15,000 B. C. The Negroids followed them in the span from 15,000 to 2500 B. C. Then came in rapid succession the Algonkins, 2500 to 500 B. C.; the Eskimo, 500 B. C.; the Mongoloids, 300 B. C. All these immigrants, lacking the navigational skill of a highly developed maritime people, entered America via Bering Strait, making their way on foot from north to south. These were the ingredients of the population of the New World until the sixth migration, coming across the open Pacific, brought to this unleavened lump of Indian dough a yeast compounded from the scrapings of the Eastern Mediterranean, Armenia, the Near East, India, Southeast Asia, Polynesia, and Melanesia—a veritable delegation from the United Nations. They arrived—this polyglot crew of culture heroes—between 300 B. C. and 500 A. D., and immediately the adventurous sculptors, architects, potters, weavers, jewelers, astronomers, mathematicians, and scribes burst forth with a vigor replenished by the long desuetude of their skills, forced upon them by their Ulyssean navigations, and before you could say "Harold Sterling Gladwin" or even "Mu," there arose the templed cities of the Maya, the civilizations of the Andes, and other evidences of an unprecedented activity.

The reason for this complicated *dramatis personae* is the conviction of Mr. Gladwin that nothing—well practically nothing—can be invented twice independently. If you have such a belief, then of course all the elements of the New World civilizations that have counterparts in the Old must have been brought here. But since the evidence that man has lived in America for at least 25,000 years seems impressive and the origins of Old World civilizations are far younger than this, a series of migrations must be envisaged, each bearing its appropriate gifts from the Old World to the New.

It would, I am afraid, take more space than I have available to discuss

in detail this reconstruction of the American past, but there are several points that may be mentioned. The evidence for Mr. Gladwin's racial identifications is adequate to convince only those with the will to believe anything reiterated frequently enough. The fact that populations of Australoids and Negroids have simply been rubbed out by miscegenation, leaving no trace whatever among historic Indians, is genetically incredible. Moreover, the recent Tepexpan man found in Mexico dating back to 10-15,000 B. C., to mention only one example, is neither Australoid nor Negroid, although Mr. Gladwin has allowed only these two racial migrations to enter America by this date.

Mr. Gladwin makes considerable out of the failure of the archeologists to discover locally the beginnings of the civilizations of America, and various jibes are directed at his academic whipping boy, Dr. Phuddy Duddy, who is now seeking to find these initial stages in Peru. Well, Dr. Duddy seems to have the last word, which, unfortunately, Mr. Gladwin could not have heard before his work was published. The Duddies have found in the Viru Valley of Peru plenty of evidence that the beginnings of civilization existed there about 2,000 years before the heterogeneous crew of "Nearchus" could have brought them here, according to Mr. Gladwin.

I am sure Mr. Gladwin derived a maximum of pleasure in writing this book; certainly he must have found a release for any psychological frustration, forced upon him by his archeological colleagues, in the creation of Dr. Phuddy Duddy, who has the low-comedy status of a Hollywood stooge. This reveals a remarkable lack of appreciation on the part of the author, who has, in fact, borrowed most of his telling ideas from Dr. Duddy and his disciples. The Duddies are expected to resent this book. If they don't, their

- *Drawings from the book.*

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heads should be examined. As if the loss of time in endlessly refuting Atlantis, Mu, and other immortal myths were not enough, a new series has been added to plague them.

I liked the pictures.

Black Legend

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH AMERICAN EMPIRE. By Salvador de Madariaga. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 408 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

FOR YEARS, North American authorities on Spanish American history have been busily hacking away at the Black Legend. There should be little or nothing left of the whacking lies about the inhuman cruelty of the Spaniard to the Indian and the Negro. But lies of this variety, especially when backed by religious hatred, die hard, and besides don't Spaniards like bullfights?

Of course, gringo tourists now buy up all the choice seats for the Sunday afternoon ritual ballet in Mexico City, whose roots go at least as far back as Mithras worship in Persia, which ought to prove something but which probably doesn't, people being what they are, very loath indeed to surrender a prejudice they love—because it makes them feel superior.

Dr. Madariaga thinks it is high time all intelligent men realized what Spain accomplished in the 300 years her empire in the New World endured. To this end, quoting heavily from contemporary observers, and doing his best to preserve a judicial tone of voice, he reviews in his best English prose, which is very good indeed, the truly miraculous achievements of his fellow countrymen in transplanting European civilization to these shores. Everybody knows that the conquistadores were supermen, whose exploits have never been equaled before or since, but not everybody realizes that their followers "studded the continent with beautiful cities, making of Chile, Peru, New Granada, and, above all, Mexico, nations as precious to the artist as the European ones born of Rome and steeped in her civilization."

It is his stout contention that Catholicism colored the Spanish attitude toward the aborigines, freeing it from race prejudice because it saw all men as children of one Father. And while Brazil offers the outstanding example in world history of a deliberate attempt to solve the race problem by interbreeding, it is also true that wherever the Spaniard has settled, he has shown himself remarkably broadminded in matters of race. In the Spanish colonies, the *mestizos* began almost at once to play an important part, and to make invaluable contributions to the cultural as well as the political life of our sister nations.

As for the Inquisition, which never fails to get into any discussion of Spanish history, Dr. Madariaga shows that, statistically at least, this agency for saving men's souls by combatting their heresies, was infinitely less dangerous to life and liberty than the witchcraft craze that swept Europe and left its brutal mark forever on Salem, Massachusetts. He does not, however, as he might very well have done, line up his Inquisition figures against our own record for lynchings in the twentieth century.

Why did Spain, having erected its empire in no time at all, and having built universities, libraries, and churches in profusion, as well as successfully exploiting mines and other natural resources, lose it all so quickly when it began to slip away? Dr. Madariaga explains the disaster by saying that Spain, and in this case he is plainly thinking of Castille and Andalusia, has never had much taste for industry. Hence, raw materials, including gold and silver, were channeled in vast quantities through the mother country, but they kept on going until they landed in the pockets of working and trading nations.

The wealth of the Indies did the common man in Spain very little good unless he could get closer to it than his native land, and even the monarchs were usually hard put to it for money. That Charles V, world-emperor, should have spent most of his reign chronically broke and at the mercy of Central European bankers is one of the ironies of history.

It is also a fact, not discussed by Dr. Madariaga, who is a Centrist in the national politics of Spain, that the part of his country which has always been industrious, and which did no mean job of empire building itself in the Middle Ages, was excluded from commerce with the New World. Enterprising Catalonians and equally enterprising Basques played a large part in the rise of the empire, both as seamen and settlers, but it was Castille that deserved both the credit and the blame, Castille that set the tone of the empire and made Lima and Mexico City little Madrids.

Dr. Madariaga explains that the present book is the result of his research into the life of that purely Latin genius, Simon Bolivar, the liberator whose biography he proposes to do, adding it to his studies of Columbus and Cortes. He expects to follow it with a companion volume, "The Fall of the Spanish-American Empire." He has never written a dull book, this Spanish internationalist with the unfailingly interesting mind, and this one is no exception. It is written with both restraint and vigor, and it ought to help remove its subject from the controversial class, where it has much too long remained.

One of the old Spanish proverbs has it that if one is heard speaking ill of Spain he is certain to prove a Spaniard. Dr. Madariaga speaks, on the other hand, both intelligently and well of his country, and raises the hope that at least a few more people will revise their opinions.

Herschel Brickell, literary columnist and authority on Latin America, compiled "What the South Americans Think of Us" and edited "Prize Stories of 1947: The O. Henry Awards."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CAN YOU FINISH THESE TITLES?

Helen Nitzsche, of Maquoketa, Ia., asks you to complete the book titles listed below and then name the authors. Allowing four points for each complete answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty-four or better is excellent. Answers are on page 38.

1. Then and
2. Fathers and
3. Friends and
4. Crime and
5. Cakes and
6. Prue and
7. Pride and
8. War and
9. Gargantua and
10. Paul and
11. Sons and
12. Sense and
13. All This, and
14. The Red and
15. The Cloister and
16. Sacred and
17. Mrs. Candy and
18. Beyond Good and
19. Anna and
20. The Decline and
21. Far Away and
22. Addams and
23. The Egg and
24. Acres and
25. How to Win Friends and

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Ficton. *Readers who are watching for new writers to indicate in which direction the compass of American writing may point will find several novelists reviewed below who are worth examining. Merle Miller's semi-autobiographical novel marks him as a correspondent who has successfully turned to fiction. Josephina Niggli furnishes a romantic but vivid story of Monterrey. Robert Gibbons's second novel, "The Patchwork Time," is a clear indication of a developing and sensitive talent for small-town realism and an inclination for experimental prose. For lighter entertainment this week, there is Kathryn Forbes's charming story of a bewildered pre-adolescent girl, "Transfer Point," as destined for success as was her earlier "Mama's Bank Account."*

Sad Young Men of World War II

THAT WINTER. By Merle Miller. New York: William Sloane Associates. 1948. 297 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

THIS is an honest, skilful, and very touching novel. As such it is a New Year's gift to the trade—and to American letters.

On the surface it is an unpretentious tale about all the sad young men of World War II. It even has such fashionable phrases as "the sickness of our time." What sets it off from its genre is simply that it has some basic elements of a novel: warmth, human affection, and humor. It has these in such abundance—and one is so grateful to discover them again—that it illuminates the failure of a whole section of American writing, particularly that of such young sophisticates as Truman Capote or Gore Vidal, and it puts Merle Miller right up in the ranks of more serious and mature American artists.

The ranks, incidentally, are pretty thin right now. Most of our younger novelists seem to have received the gift of expression before they received anything to express. Mr. Miller is also under thirty, but he has had the good fortune, apparently, to come from Iowa. During the war he organized the Pacific and the Continental editions of *Yank*. He has also been an editor of *Time* magazine (which organization forms the background of the present novel) and he is now, a perhaps equally gloomy fate, an editor of *Harper's*. Along with this, Mr. Miller has learned not to accept the answers supplied by either Henry Luce or Cyril Connolly; he isn't even quite satisfied with *PM*'s Max Lerner.

What he does believe, as an American citizen, is the fact that he is not living in the best possible society, and that its basic trouble is not really the younger generation. Probably all the major characters in "That Winter" drink too much, and they all know it. They learned it in the Army, but the Army, too, is not quite responsible for it. Ted Hamilton lost his arm in the war, but before that his father had had too much money and couldn't think of anything to do with it except to buy drinks. In a way, Ted is glad that he has lost his arm. All his life Lew Cole has been ashamed of his family and his religion; he had hoped that combat duty would restore some of the self-respect denied to him by the prejudices of his society. But he won't volunteer again because he isn't sure that they will want Jews in the next war.

In its time sequence "That Winter" alternates between unfolding the story of these figures and cutting back into their past. What makes the study of army life interesting and valid here is that the "war neuroses" are always superimposed upon a pattern of personal or social maladjustment. The hero of "That Winter" is also obsessed by his memories of death and destruction. But Peter has never written the novel he wants to write; meanwhile he is working for a magazine he distrusts and, like the rest of his group, he has known too many women too well.

"Merle Miller has learned not to accept the answers supplied by either Henry Luce or Cyril Connolly."

In this sense, and for all Mr. Miller's intense convictions about present social evils, "That Winter" is not a "social" novel at all. At least it is raised considerably above the level of a tract for the times by its insight into human character and human weakness. In the background there are really acute satirical portraits: from Jonathan Lee, the liberal editor, to Leo Martin, the Luce "radical." And Mr. Miller is particularly good at something we used to call disappointed love. The story of Peter and Joan, ironic, entertaining, and nostalgic, is at the center of the novel, and it may remind you of those other touching and perennially frustrated human relationships in the early novels of Ernest Hemingway.

Probably the tone of "That Winter" is superior in the end to its content. Mr. Miller's theme sometimes seems a little too autobiographical; the development is panoramic rather than strictly dramatic, and the novel just fails to achieve the kind of solid impact it ought to have. Even so, it is a considerable accomplishment for a young novelist, with the promise of more. I hope I have made clear that it is a delight and a pleasure to read.

Chop Suey China

CAROLA. By Felix C. Forrest. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 307 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

SOMEWHERE, Mr. Forrest ran off the track and what started out to be the interesting story of Carola Lainger, an American girl who marries a Chinese, became so utterly confusing through a complex style of constantly shifting flash-backs, that a good point was lost and the book itself failed. There are so many concurrent themes throughout (Carola, Pauline, China, America, bolshevism, treason, etc.) that picking the one central focal point of the novel is, indeed, difficult. Assume it to be China; Mr. Forrest writes well about China. There is even some modicum of truth in the jacket's bald proclamation: "perhaps the first authentic novel of China which, without being anti-Chinese, clearly reveals that tortured country's 'bad' earth." For certainly, the complete domination of family orders, the venerability of age, comes in for a sound thrashing in the sequences on China. Likewise, the drabness and monotony

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of China's rural life (doubly emphasized when seen through the eyes of an American college woman) is excellently portrayed. Even the basic Oriental attitudes, the mysteries of the East, are brought to light as Carola tries to take her place in Chinese life and fails. But Mr. Forrest loses the directness of his approach by weighting down the book with so much extraneous sensationalism that before the reader realizes it he has become entangled in the labyrinths of flash-backs, and has lost the point in the general whoop-de-doo.

The story is told in flash-back Novembers (Mr. Forrest is as reminiscent in this month as was James Benson Nablo in "The Long November"), as from the "glassed-in rectilinear world" of America, Carola thinks back to the Novembers: of seeing her Little Dead Brother, of falling in love with a girl named Pauline Gerstenbacker, of practising liberalism in college. Losing in love to muscular organizer Ugo Antonini ("You tell me you sleep with me just to make up your dirty little bourgeois mind which you like better, men or women,") she marries, for spite, the frail-bodied, frail-minded Chinese, Carson Ding, renouncing her American citizenship to live in his family home in Yungchowhsien.

Here, the book becomes informative. Mr. Forrest draws his excellent pictures of the rigid family rule predominant in China, and of the physical world from which it can never shake itself loose.

> The sun governed the Chinese world. . . . Everything grew. . . . Even the birds had the air of belonging to someone. The Chinese had conquered the earth, conquered it by living with it, until their copulation and reproduction had become vetgetable not mammal. . . . The Chinese became angry only about vegetable things—they fought by shoving, not by honest slash for blood. . . . The people of this land had found a way of living. It gave them strong bodies, good tempers, immense patience, shrewd intelligence, simple but clear-cut morals, and terrifying docility. How could anyone rebel in that sunlight?

Through Magistrate Ouyang, the author points to one of the cryptic differences between civilizations:

> Self-finding form is life itself to your Western people. You cannot live unless you know yourself and find yourself. You have no one such as we Chinese have, in the Ancient Sages, to tell you.

But from there on, the melodramatic takes over. After revolutions, murders, and sickness, there is the November of Tarzon Ding, Carson's tough brother, followed by the sketchy interlude with the Japanese. This includes, among other things, the "routine terror" of the Tiger House Hotel, the brutal Lieutenant Chiburinominato, and a broadcast job for the Imperial forces directed at Americans—a little thing called treason. "Of course, in an abstract way, she (Carola) still supposed that she hated Japan, but in her heart she knew that all the wars in the world did not matter as much to her as having good teeth, and smooth skin, and quiet nerves, and clean things to eat and live with." Not a particularly illuminating thought but by this time Carola is not a particularly illuminating person. Felix C. Forrest was led astray early in his book and never again found his way. A good novel on China was lost by becoming embroiled in a steaming chop suey of sensationalism.

Feuding and Fighting

THE HOUR OF SPRING. By Mary Deasy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 368 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

IN THIS corner, the battling Joyces. It was strictly a private fight. As individuals they scrapped with one another; as a clan they took on the world. "The Hour of Spring," for all its idyllic title, is the story of the clan as it made its way a-feudin' and a-fightin' through two generations of American life and well into the third.

The founding father was handsome young Timothy Joyce who came to the Middle West from County Kerry in 1870. He soon found a good job on the railroad and a good wife in Ellen Carroll. "There was something in the man that was always solitary, unkindly, poor at sharing what was in the hearts and minds of even the few that were closest to him in life. . . . He was like a man following a road on an old map that's been out of date for a hundred years." What with Timothy's blind intransigence, the black Joyce temper, and the wildness that was in the blood of Ellen Carroll, the five Joyce children had a heritage that would never keep them at peace. They were torn, besides, by the conflict between the tribal spirit and new loyalties.

Over the turn of the century and on through the First World War the Joyces worked hard, married, begot, buried, and quarreled. They voted the Democratic ticket and they went to mass on Sundays and holy days. Hughie alone, Timothy's youngest son and the most like him, got off to a slow start materially and romantically. Death on the battlefield spared him the routine of daily living that had come to be his greatest dread.

That routine was just another sparring partner to the rest of the family. They lustily took it on, neither asking nor giving quarter. And if the victories they won were lacking in spiritual content, the Joyce contribution to American progress was at least healthy and constructive. The most gallant Joyce of them all, red-haired will-o'-the-wisp Maggie, made a bad bargain with fate and stuck to it. It took high courage on her part to resist Christy Fogarty, lost soul and poet *manqué*. It is a pity that the theme of blood relationship beclouds their tragedy.

According to Miss Deasy, "The Hour of Spring" is an "Irish" book "in so far as it employs the rich speech and humor and the strongly marked character of the Celtic race, but it is above everything else a story of people." Had it been a purely "Irish" story, one might have wondered why a family like the Joyces produced neither nun nor priest nor reader of books. Miss Deasy's explanation helps account for bad tempers, selfishness and pettiness as the result of, say, chromosomes or human cussedness, rather than the mystical doom of Irish lineage. Bat Killian may turn out to be just an ugly customer and not a scion of the remote hero breed called Fianna.

"The Hour of Spring," Miss Deasy's first novel, is like one of the Joyce funeral conclaves, a rousing affair with never a dull moment, lively with racial wit, family gossip, and internecine repartee. Miss Deasy has charm of characterization and a warm touch in portraying the petite bourgeoisie of a Midwestern city during the transition from the Victorian to the modern era. The story of the Joyces is a good story. It lacks only the spiritual approach to make it a strong story.

Accumulated Psychoses

TIME MOVING WEST. By Lonnie Coleman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 248 pp. $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THIS is a novel about experience in war, of which the main theme out of several deals with men breaking down under the accumulated psychological strains, not those of combat, but the enforced association, responsibility with insufficient authority, separation from anything resembling normal life, and above all, nervous fatigue. The scene is laid at a point where these factors develop to perhaps their fullest extent—in the wardroom and crew's quarters of a transport, where the thrill of striking back at the enemy is absent, the monotony and pain of hope deferred

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reach their climax. The characters are selected with care (only three of them show any real break), and their contacts with each other in moments of emotional tension are handled with no little skill. Nothing could be better done than the interviews between the rather weak regular Navy captain of the ship and his exec—a reserve out of the Merchant Marine, ambitious and disappointed, who ironically wins command of the ship just as the dubiousness of his qualifications become evident. There are some extraordinarily good passages of forecastle conversation and talk between sailors and their girls. In short, the whole book is right out of life, interesting; the people in it convincingly see and feel the things that have become part of the national experience, and see them in a way which helps to explain that experience.

The only question is whether the experience itself needs further annotation at this level today. I am afraid that, in spite of the book's technical excellence, most readers will decide that it is not needed; that the questions asked here have been answered —perhaps not to the best interests of civilization or the individual, but so thoroughly answered that they need be posed no more.

Morality in Reverse

THE PATCHWORK TIME. By Robert Gibbons. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1948. 323 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

ROBERT GIBBONS'S second novel reveals a mature and sensitive mind at work on a theme that is tragic and yet somehow pathetically humorous. It has more depth and meaning than the revelation of the father-son relationship that was the basis for his earlier "Bright Morning," though that theme is also at the heart of "The Patchwork Time," the need of Johnny Somers's agonizing quest for fellowship with mankind. His long and devious pilgrimage is not for any Holy Grail, or conquest of self for purity's sake; he is seeking to establish his manhood, his right to be a male among men, to win the security of maleness by losing his virtue.

The tragic fact about Johnny Somers when he first appeared as a boyish schoolteacher in a typical small Southern town was that he was still a virgin. For the first time away from his family, who had moved so often that he had no home town of his own, he found that the key to youthful fellowship was the carnal knowledge of women that he did not

—*Laurence Kahn.*

"Not one of Robert Gibbons's women, no matter how loose her sexual life, is essentially bad."

possess. The little town resounded with the laughs, the ribald jokes, the side glances, with which an adolescent society regards the manifestations of the illicit sex that creates the drama, the tragedy, and comedy of small-town life. The love affairs or casual encounters between the girls who had missed marriage, or who had found it no shelter for their emotions, absorbed this youth who looked like a male but who knew that he was a hollow sham.

There are few modern novels that have been more deeply concerned with sex than "The Patchwork Time" and certainly few that have treated the search for mature experience in either man or woman as tenderly and understandingly. It is through Johnny's eyes that the lustful characters of the book emerge; the illegitimate drunkard who is accepted by everyone, including women, with good-natured tolerance; the hard, ruthless man who is the perfect heel; the lucky young man who loves and happily marries his first girl. They are figures who would be recognizable anywhere, for their pleasures and their torments are the universal heritage of man. The women who are their mates are equally living, but somehow have the appearance of being supernumeraries. There is the woman at the lunch counter who has started badly by sleeping with too many men, the alert office worker who yields too easily, and who is the victim of her own instincts and of her woman's pity for men who are soured by the passions that mark their search for love they can never find.

Not one of Mr. Gibbons's women, no matter how loose her sexual life may have been, is essentially bad. Their role is to be the incitements, the aphrodisiacs, and finally the ministering angels who put to sleep the devils they have roused. The woman who tries to marry the alcoholic after bedding down with half the free males in town hangs herself. The seductive girl who knows that the town's worst seducer and betrayer of women is her true mate, finally by an act of almost maternal tenderness sets Johnny free from his inner torments, draws him into the flood of life and of good and evil. The story of this girl, known as "Blackie," is worthy of being the center of a novel, for she is the town's Dark Lady of the Sonnets, the seductress and the compassionate mother to all men who need her. Recognizing Johnny's absurd complaint, which had set him apart from all the rest of the young men, she seduces him half way through the book. It is a secret love that the whole town suspects; but instead of bringing him release and fellowship with his kind it drags him into an inferno of renunciation and bitterness. One night when he has lain with her, he finds that his father has suddenly died, so that what had been purifying and healing in his new experience turns to self-contempt and loathing which lead him to the brink of ruin.

In this novel there is no moment when the reader does not accept the characters as facsimiles of life, or their grossness and flashes of nobility as true. Life, as Mr. Gibbons's title implies, is indeed a patchwork that may suddenly be made to evolve into a clear pattern, and it is also a pilgrimage toward the creation of a whole and rounded nature. The conflict in the novel is between the seeker for maturity, the Galahad, questing some remote Grail, and man, the destroyer of himself and the ravisher of women; between the saint and the sinner.

If the theme of the novel is as sound as any morality play, the scene of the story a microcosm of man's eternal struggle, the characters sound and human, there remains only one blemish to record. That is the method in which Mr. Gibbons has chosen to tell his passionate story. He appears to be an author who having mastered three-quarters of his art has not discovered whether he is an impressionist, a realist, or a symbolist. Johnny Somers, for example, has three voices: his own native accents, the goblin who sits at his shoulder questioning and deriding his motives, and an inner spokesman who utters poetically eloquent sentences that often turn into incoherent phrases. "Not the point. The point: *I was when he.*" "*Here is now and there is some time other or else.*" "*To think that when he was.*" The lucid poetical phrases of

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Johnny's inner man, like this sentence, "The bright silver beads of time slipped away and soon were lost to sight, deep in the well of death," do not connect in the least with the external young men. They are phrases invented by the author, and they do not belong to the rather simple and tortured Johnny, who is neither a poet nor a novelist; nor does he in any other way betray a gift for words that would be alien to his community and to himself. Then there is a chapter that abandons consecutiveness and tries to tell the reader things he already knows in disconnected paragraphs. These monologues and diversions into experimental prose blur the outlines of a noteworthy and exciting novel. To this reader they are unnecessary and add nothing to a tale which is, on the whole, blessed with universality and simplicity.

Sign of Cain

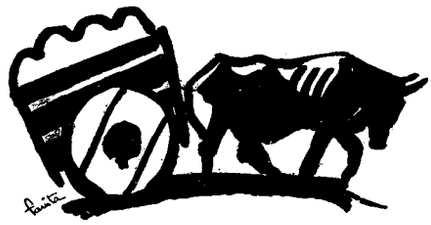
DEMIAN. By Hermann Hesse. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 207 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IT WOULD be tempting to investigate why German literature, so rich in drama and verse, is so notoriously deficient in novels such as the past two centuries developed in England, France, and Russia — and why, on the other hand, practically all German novels of importance are either *erziehungs-* and *entwicklungsromane,* or "prose poems" (to use this awkward term).

"Demian," orginally published in 1919, is both. It is the story of young Emil Sinclair, the son of a well-to-do German middletown family, of his primary- and Latin-school days, of his first steps into university life, and his being caught up with by the war. But inasmuch as that *entwicklung* story is almost exclusively told through the hero's psychological reactions to the world and his quest for himself, "Demian" may well be called a work of poetry; and the selective treatment of exterior happenings, their dreamlike remoteness and sublimation, are qualities which the reader will expect in poetry rather than in a novel.

At the beginning of Sinclair's education stands his encounter with evil: blackmailed by a less privileged youth, he dares not confide in his parents. He is rescued by Max Demian, a schoolboy some years his senior. Again and again Sinclair, in the subsequent years, is threatened by losing himself to revolt, disorder, and the powers of the dark world. Even love, which seemed to belong to



the bright one, is invaded by sex. Pistorius, a middle-aged theologian turned organist and philosopher, gains increasing influence over Sinclair. His final road to himself, however, is shown him through Demian again and the latter's mother—"Mother Eve," as she permits him to call her.

Good and evil, he realizes, are not to be separated. The sign on Cain's forehead is also the sign of those who have struggled. To the turn-of-the century generation, education does not end where it ended for the heroes of the classical *erziehungsromane,* in bourgeois security and a slightly condescending memory of the struggles of youth. What Sinclair has gained in them is the firmness with which he will meet the new world.

In a lucid foreword, Thomas Mann tells the story of "Demian's" publication, and the enthusiastic response it had among German youth emerging from the holocaust of the war. Later, it was also hailed as one of the first "psychoanalytical novels." As such it may have lost some of its appeal. But of its beauty it has lost nothing.

Of Dogs and Men

GLORIOUS IN ANOTHER DAY. By Arthur Foff. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 246 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. FOFF'S "Glorious in Another Day" (the phrase is Byron's) is a genre study of dog-fighting, dog-showing, and second-string pugilist circles in San Francisco and its environs. The spareness of his style and the clipped, low quality of his dialogue are of the Hemingway order, albeit the author has not reduced his material to the ultimate leanness of the elder writer's famous style. But he has Hemingway's indulgent detachment, his tacit, pitying reserve.

The problem of the book is whether Tom Houseman, who tells the story, shall stay with his preposterous and ignorant father, or, climbing upward via a love affair with Helen, estranged wife of a husband who rejoins and recaptures her, move into higher spheres. Tom scarcely solves his own problem, which is mainly taken out of his hands by the reappearance of the husband, who proves unexpectedly friendly to Helen's boy friend. He goes back to Dad and the unswept home, the dog-breeding, and the drunkenness.

In such a plot everything depends upon that key figure, the estranged husband, inasmuch as he must recapture Helen's love, win the boy's affection, and not outrage the pugnacious old man, who, parted from his boy, wants him to have a square deal. This accumulation of problems is a large order for one character to manage; and it cannot be said that Mr. Foff has solved this essential puzzle. In truth, he is more interested in two other matters.

One is Tom's father, old "Bull" Houseman, the only three-dimensional character in the story, whose portrait, in effect, the book is. There is some repetitiousness, but the character lives. The other is a loving and careful transcript of scenes of low life. These are often vivid and usually amusing. Neither the one character nor the excellence of many scenes, however, quite fills out the dimensions of a full-dress novel; and the book shrinks, in retrospect, to a novelette, a genre study often faithful and moving, but of less than major import.

Mores in Monterrey

STEP DOWN, ELDER BROTHER. By Josephina Niggli. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 374 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BETTY DE SHERBININ

AN AMERICAN tourist could go many times to Monterrey and gain less insight into its ways and manners than the reader will gather from this novel. Its pages are pictures of that Mexican city, pictures of streets, plazas, modern homes, old houses that echo with traditions and stories of the past. The features, the voices, the daily routine, the vices, the habits, the characteristics of Monterrey's quarter of a million inhabitants come to life and give the book humor, vitality, and interest.

This is primarily the story of Domingo Vasquez de Anda, native of Monterrey and heir to its oldest and finest heritage. He loved and gave up an American girl because she would never have fitted into the life of the city in which he had been born. He is, years later, faced with an arranged marriage to a more suitable girl whom his family has chosen. While he accepts these ties that hold him and direct him, he is resentful of them and anxious sometimes to break with them. But the old habit of family and family authority, as well as a deep sentimental love for his own people, keeps him from severing these bonds.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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ACD: Contender for Cinderella Seller's Crown

CARLETON F. WELLS

A BEST seller that nobody bothers to review, not even when its sales figures mount into the millions, must be an almost unique phenomenon in the publishing world. Just such a best seller, however, appeared twelve years ago—a work recently characterized by its publisher, possessor of a venerated hundred-year-old name, as "one of the all-time best sellers of the book trade." That title, "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition," published by the G. C. Merriam Co. (latest printing, 1948), now sells according to conservative estimates well over a million copies a year. Yet when it appeared in 1936 it failed to receive even sufficient critical attention to justify the briefest mention in the "Book Review Digest."

The critical neglect was undoubtedly more than chance oversight. Probably "Webster's Collegiate" looked too much like its third-edition predecessor or a mere abridgment of the monumental "Webster's New International, 1934"—hence seemed to require no fresh appraisal. Another factor, of course, may well have been that few reviewers welcomed the task of evaluating 1,200 pages, 2,400 columns, of five-point dictionary print.

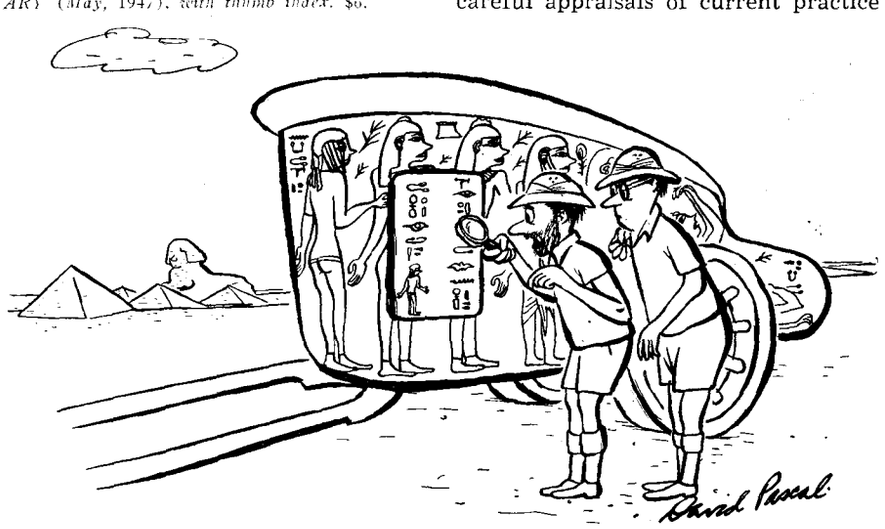
Similar critical neglect will not, I think, be the fate of the latest newcomer in the desk-dictionary field, the Random House "American College Dictionary,"* the ACD. Already, prior to its recent publication, a lot of interest had been generated among booksellers, librarians, teachers, editors, and the public at large as to the caliber of this half-million-dollar dictionary project. For another, a vigorous challenge to the G. & C. Merriam's "Collegiate," now enjoying the lion's share of the booming desk-dictionary market, at once raises the question: can the ACD hope to fare better than the "Collegiate's" two rivals, "The Winston Dictionary: College Edition** and the Funk & Wagnalls "New College Standard Dictionary"?* This query is especially persistent because dictionary users are slowly finding the virtually unrevised "Webster's Collegiate" of 1936 less and less satisfactory for current needs, and are therefore looking about for a first-rate alternative.

General standards for such a first-rate college dictionary are fairly obvious and non-controversial. It must really be up to date in its coverage, such as in vocabulary additions from World War II and from the rapidly expanding physical and social sciences, and in the biographical and gazetteer features. It must be clear, accurate, authoritative, and free both from mere traditionalism and from editorial crotchets. It must be both convenient to use and a sound job of book-making: easy to find things in, well printed, suitably illustrated, attractively and durably bound.

Measured by the above standards the "American College Dictionary" is notably good. Under the editorship of Clarence L. Barnhart, working in close collaboration with a group of specialists, the ACD has been built from the ground up. While full use has been made of the big "Century Dictionary," it has been used only as a beginning. In every area of knowledge the ACD's 355 specialists have contributed both in determining what words were to be included and in framing accurate, precise definitions.

Among the ACD's more than 125,000 entries are *iron curtain, selective service, psychosomatic medicine, existentialism, recession, goon, DDT, DP, radar,* and the numerous terms that came in with the atomic bomb. From the field of present-day politics, timely and exact entries are given for the new India and her leaders, the Balfour Declaration, Lilienthal, Azerbaijan, the UN, and dozens of terms essential to interpreting news from the USSR. On the lighter side, the ACD includes *slacks, jive, hangover, know-how, snafu, wacky, off the beam, strip tease, a Mae West,* and the more or less evocative *hubba hubba.* Judged by a much wider sampling than the above can indicate, this dictionary surpasses its competitors in up-to-date coverage.

ON the more complex questions of accuracy and authoritativenes (the two are inseparably related), differences of opinion are bound to arise. In my own examination of the ACD I have had the cooperation of several university colleagues from the natural and social sciences, from medicine, and from the humanities. The consensus has been favorable to the new dictionary, though with occasional reservations and demurrers on specific findings. In general the ACD's definitions are terse, precise, clear—and, in arrangement, better than the orthodox historical order of "Webster's Unabridged." Likewise, the ACD makes generous use of the illustrative phrase, indispensable to lucid definition. It provides excellent discriminations between numerous synonyms: *can* and *may, uninterested* and *disinterested, morals* and *ethics,* and such groups as *patience, endurance, fortitude, stoicism.* In matters of usage generally, the ACD is modern, scientific, descriptive, based on careful appraisals of current practice



"It says, 'Step to the rear of the car, please.'"

*NEW COLLEGE STANDARD DICTIONARY (May, 1947), with thumb index. $6.

*THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY. Edited by Clarence L. Barnhart. New York: Random House. 1947. 1,432 pp. $5.

**THE WINSTON DICTIONARY: College Edition (1926), revised annually with thumb index. $5.

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rather than on prescriptive prejudice.

In handling pronunciation the ACD has ventured certain departures from the traditional system of diacritical marks, especially in its use of the schwa or inverted "e" (ə) for unaccented, reduced vowels such as the "a" in *alone*, the "o" in *gallop*, the "i" in *sensible*. Here the pronunciation experts have realistically faced the thorny problem of pronunciation symbols, and dared to be different.

As for convenience of arrangement, an inclusive one-alphabet system replaces the appendices for persons and places, abbreviations, foreign phrases, and the like. Only for "Signs and Symbols," which defy alphabetizing, and for "Given Names" does the ACD resort to appendices. The resulting ease of reference is at once apparent. Similarly, the type page is easy to read, the bold-face entry words easy to pick out. Significant, if smaller, departures include the more than 300 spot maps (Troy and Marathon and Mercia, the Louisiana Purchase, Alcan Highway, Little America) and the discarding of pedantic and meaningless dimensions for illustrations ("jaguar, 1/50 size" replaced by exact figures: "jaguar, about seven feet long, two feet high"; etc.).

In format, the ACD is sturdily—if not very attractively—bound in blue-gray cloth, printed on lightweight, fairly opaque paper. But it is a man-sized book, appreciably larger than the "Collegiate," and the prospective purchaser—college freshman or office secretary—may continue to prefer a handier size for day-to-day use.

The editors of the ACD have let some proofreader's errors creep in, have occasionally missed chances to record an established pronunciation or sharpen a cloudy or misleading definition, have perhaps "gone unabridged" by overdetailed treatment of some entries, and have overlooked a few words that ought certainly to have been included. I noted, among others, the absence of *proximity fuse, topology, spelling pronunciation,* and the name of the USSR's new president (Shvernik, 1946). Such blemishes will, so the publishers have announced, be promptly corrected by continuous, careful editorial revisions.

In contrast to such a policy, that so esteemed and so popular a book as "Webster's Collegiate" should be allowed to become seriously dated is a little puzzling. Its nearest competitor in the last few years—the "Winston Dictionary"—makes annual corrections, changes, additions, in the body of the dictionary; as soon as their currency warranted, *atom bomb, penicillin, jet propulsion, Iwo Jima,* and *Harry S. Truman* have been added. Yet the "Collegiate," with a 1948 title page, has at least 150 persons in its biographical section who have died since 1934, but who are recorded as alive. To take a few names from a single year, the "Collegiate" lists as still living these notables who died in 1937: J. M. Barrie, Marconi, Thomas G. Masaryk, Ramsay MacDonald, Andrew W. Mellon, Edith Wharton, and—now well beyond his 100-year goal!—John D. Rockefeller, Sr. Likewise, Thomas Wolfe (1938), Freud (1939), Yeats (1939), and Dreiser (1945) are "living," along with Hitler, Mussolini, and F.D.R. As for MacArthur, Eisenhower, Bradley, Nimitz, Truman—or Goebbels, Goering, Zhukov, De Gaulle, Nehru, Jinnah, Atlee—all are missing. The biographical section has not been corrected in over a decade, including an error on the Hitler dates and an error in the pronunciation of John Donne.

THE Funk & Wagnalls "New College Standard Dictionary" (Emphatype edition, 1947) is a bold departure from its "College Standard" predecessors, and certainly possesses important merits. Its coverage appears to be the largest in the college field. Its encyclopedia features, as in literary allusions and historical references, are excellent. Its treatment of the newer areas of science and world affairs is alert and generally adequate. Its continued use of a single alphabetical system, including biographical and gazetteer material — a system pioneered by Funk & Wagnalls—makes for convenient reference.

But its editorial innovations are not always fortunate. For instance, instead of the two sets of diacritical marks Funk & Wagnalls used to give, pronunciation is indicated by an irreducible minimum of symbols, supplemented on "difficult words" by a modified *Time*-style system of respelling. These few symbols do not appear at the bottom of the pages, and even if they did, certain pronunciations would be left in doubt. As for the much publicized emphatype feature, it replaces the customary accent marks by underscoring, as SATURDAY REVIEW, with little if any gain in efficiency or precision.

The Gazetteer is likewise pre-1937, with population figures at least a dozen years old. In it one looks in vain for Bataan or Corregidor, Mid-

Accept It Late

By Edith Henrich

WHEN the living seed was spent,
cloud and hill, earth and air,
made no room; we did not move
to include you in our love.

In the moment when you were
becoming, we were both content
without a past or future there:
you were still irrelevant.

Another woman bared her breast,
giving milk, was quite as much
one with her hungry child as she
had been before the act of birth.

Feeling you drink, I thought, Go free.
Child, forget this intimate touch
of lips and hand: go forth, go forth,
in joy and freedom over the earth.

My love is late: its languages
I did not learn in early years:
accept it late: accept it now.

World-objects double in your eyes:
shadows match all beauties with
dark identical images:

The tragic sense of life within
you feels the mix of joy and death:
you draw the hurt, ecstatic breath
I gave you when I did not know
how of my spirit's stuff would grow—
my darling child, my dearest kin!

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"Herbert's, the clothing store for better prices and greater savings, where wise shoppers go for double-their-money value, the store preferred by millions of happy buyers, *FOREGOES ITS COMMERCIAL* to bring you an important public announcement—Drive carefully!"

way or Attu, Guadalcanal or Tarawa, Rabaul or Lingayen Gulf, Saipan or Okinawa. Again by curious oversight, the "Collegiate" has yet to record New Deal (or, be it said, the NAM) even in its 1948 new-words list, or to record WPA, OWI, OPA, AVC, V-E Day, V-J Day, or FBI. Most serious are the considerable vocabulary areas where any 1936 dictionary is bound to be less than adequate for 1948: medicine, chemistry, physics, psychology, sociology, military subjects, international affairs, the arts. No doubt these matters will be looked after if, and when, the G. & C. Merriam Co. should discover that its prestige—and its sales—require continuous revision.

Finally, the two other desk dictionaries, "Winston's" and the surprising "New College Standard," call for at least brief consideration. Many teachers like "Winston" for its determination to keep up to date, for its typography (particularly its double-size type for entry words), for its effort toward simpler definitions, and for such features as full-page maps and several handsome color illustrations. For the college market, however, "Winston" has several shortcomings. It is incomplete in coverage, as in the social sciences; it makes too sparing use of illustrative phrases in definitions; its treatment of synonyms is limited and rather unsatisfactory, and occasionally it "edits down" in the interest of immature readers.

Other simplifications also have questionable utility. The discarding of the terms colloquial and slang, and the labeling as popular [Pop.] such diverse words as *ain't, won't, nigger, heft, flabbergast, phone,* and *movies,* are dubious lexicography. Also, the reliance on thesaurus-like lists of synonyms instead of exact discriminations is of small help to the average dictionary user. Typographically the page is legible, but the small-caps type for entry words blurs the distinction between capitalized and lower case entries. All in all, "The New College Standard" is an uneven sort of work, possessed of undeniable virtues but handicapped by several questionable editorial experiments.

Of the "Collegiate's" three competitors, then, plainly the "American College Dictionary" is its most formidable rival. Today the ACD is probably the best desk dictionary on the market, ably edited, up to date, accurate, and authoritative, sufficiently comprehensive, well printed, and well bound. With the solid ACD at his elbow, the college undergraduate or the informed adult can read his daily newspaper, his book-of-the-week, his *Atlantic* or *Yale Review,* in the confidence that his dictionary needs can be immediately and adequately met.

Carleton F. Wells is an associate professor of English, and chairman of freshman English at the University of Michigan.

A Prayer for Today

Edwina Dodge Schaefer

PLEASE, dear God, protect me. The smudge pots have been lighted and they are belching smoke. I am only a housewife; just the same, I am frightened because I have a bad habit of speaking up in company. This evil you must help me overcome lest even I find a smudge pot burning under my window.

So please, God, do not let me argue in favor of a society in which all men may be allowed equal rights, or even let me say that I believe in the brotherhood of Man.

Also please cleanse my thoughts so that I may say convincingly that I believe all captains of industry to be noble, just, honest men. Let me say that the reason they find it necessary to amass huge profits today is that during the war they were practically poor men, they were taxed so heavily. Let me feel sorry for them and let me cheer them on their way so that we may again have great tycoons to whom we can point with pride.

Please help me to hate all labor leaders and to approve all legislation which puts the laborer under the kind heel of the great industrialists.

And God, help me to believe in the infallibility of the law of Supply & Demand. All the good people believe implicitly in this unwritten law. Don't even let me suggest right now that there might be a better way of working out our economy than by this rickety seesaw method.

You can let me say, God, that I believe in Free Enterprise, but please don't let me add: "but Free Enterprise can become a menace unless restrained." This appendage would be interpreted as a slur against our great monopolies. The pure in heart believe that monopolies are lovely institutions, the bulwark of our economy. So don't let me so much as aim a verbal pea shooter at the lovely institutions' rafters, at least not today.

As you know, dear God, I wholeheartedly believe in our democratic form of Government, but don't let me, not now while the smudge pots are out, be so foolish as to even hint that there might be room for improvement. Too, put it in my heart to cheer all forms of Senatorial investigations. Let me say that these investigations are just and that what they unearth is a greater menace to our country than the confusion of thought they evoke and the impure tongues they silence.

Now that you've heard my plea, dear God, I beseech you to please get busy and make me pure so that I may be worthy of joining the ranks of the good 150 per cent Americans. Amen!

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Trends in American Literature

TWO YEARS and a half after the end of hostilities only a small segment of American publishing is still concerned with the war. The biographies of war generals and statesmen, the detailed maneuvers of armies and divisions in action, the novels of personal experience on every front, are steadily diminishing in numbers, though they are improving in quality. The historian and the Government Printing Office are now in the saddle rather than the novelist or the correspondents with their diaries. The vast flood of war literature and propaganda is coming to an end, to be examined and studied again in the next generation. Since peace has not brought an end to the anxieties of the American people and the organization of the United Nations has not guaranteed either the abolishment of war or chained the splitting of the atom to peaceful purposes, the creative writers of the country betray the same uncertainty and bewilderment as do the ordinary intelligent readers of our voluminous newspaper press and weekly and monthly magazines.

The result of this uncertainty is apparent in the trends that are already obvious in American literature. Some of our best writers are concerned with exploring the new America that through the war effort has increased prodigiously in power and wealth and prestige. The most successful non-fiction books reflect the interest of Americans in either the present state of their own country or the changes that war has brought about. There is good reason why the books of two former correspondents, John Gunther's "Inside U.S.A." and Roger Butterfield's "The American Past" are first and third on the non-fiction best-seller lists. Among the novels, Ben Ames Williams's enormously long study of several generations of an American family heads the fiction lists, still selling today over 3,300 copies a year. This novel with others represent a continuing interest on the part of the public in America's past and present.

In any time of stress a large part of the reading public wishes to escape from present anxieties by reading about what seems to be the more romantic past. The historical novel, or romance, has been enormously popular over the last year and several period novels, with the blessings of the book clubs, have sold hundreds of thousands of copies apiece. This desire for escape reading is also reflected in the light novel of today that avoids controversey or social problems, or in the popular philosophical books like Joshua Liebman's "Peace of Mind." The two major book clubs, with memberships of almost a million and over a million subscribers, have more than once lowered their standards to yield to this demand for temporary forgetfulness.

This is also a time for novelists who are critical of various aspects of American life. During the last year Sinclair Lewis's "Kingsblood Royal" and Laura Hobson's "Gentleman's Agreement" won masses of readers by attacking racial discrimination against the American Negro and against Jews. There seems to be no reluctance on the part of publishers or of the public to continue to examine in the light of day the vices that Americans display along with the rest of humanity, and a few special faults of their own peculiar making.

THE novels based on psychiatry and on the Freudian interpretation of behavior are almost as popular as ever. There is a restlessness in American life illustrated in one way by our high and increasing rate of divorce that is being studied by writers who are trying to discover the source of man's ills, not only in his conditioning by environment and education, but in his mind. These psychiatric novelists are able to write inner dramas of life, of men and women who can be more absorbing than their external behavior and personal adventures. Sexual problems can be treated in this manner with intelligence and some discretion. There is no doubt that the American is prodigiously interested in revelations of normal sex life. It is also obvious that the taboo against abnormality is fading and that intelligent American readers no longer wish to be treated as if they were Victorian children. Even the popular historical novel, the last refuge of prudery, has finally succumbed to the lure.

The young writers whose first books are now appearing are, as usual, experimenting with new forms or are fleeing from the realism so well represented by the books of Sinclair Lewis. Among recent novels, Ross Lockridge's enormous "Raintree County" has been called a "Whitmanesque orgy of symbolism." This book which has had an immensely eulogistic press, drifts backward and forward in American history and boasts of fifty-two sub-plots. Other new novelists are experimenting with inner monologues and new uses of words. Fantasy in fiction has suddenly found a large audience; for when life itself appears to be unreal and fantastic, the novelist inevitably reflects this mood. A great deal of it is based on the present and future miracles of science, so that thousands of readers are now delving into supernatural mysteries and horrors and the conquest of space and time by the machine. Five newborn publishing houses have risen to publish fantasy alone.

FOR a time it is not likely that any new writer will appear as important as the men who revolutionized American literature twenty or so years ago. It will take time for inquiring minds to discover what they think about an America that has in less than ten years emerged from a kind of semi-isolation to the apparent leadership of half the world. That creative writers will emerge to evaluate life in new terms is obvious to every American critic. It is also obvious that the battle between realism and symbolism, between the inner and the outer life of man will continue. There are few doubts of serious importance apparent in today's American literature, either of the vitality of American civilization, or of the country's ability to overcome whatever disruptive forces there are in the world at large. The next battle in which the political novelists and writers may be involved is in the apparent and dangerous extension of the police powers of the State and the right of the citizen to believe in and to sponsor whatever political or economic creed he chooses, so long as it does not involve advocating the destruction of the Government by force. It is in keeping with the obvious influence over men's minds of the creative writer today that the novelist should first be drafted to defend everyman's Bill of Rights under our Constitution.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Honest Elections

SIR: In my review "And Points South" [*SRL* Nov. 22], an oversight by the translator attributed to me the expression: "a fraudulent election" in Brazil. I didn't write this in Portuguese. The last elections in my country were very honest. In my article, I spoke of "macarrao eleitoral" —election macaroni—referring to the curious activities of some Brazilian politicians who sold macaroni at low prices to attract the sympathy of the people—it was a motive for jokes, but not for fraud.

Being sure to have cleared the mistake that must have annoyed some of my countrymen, I thank you for your attention.

CASSIANO NUNES.

Oxford, O.

EPIC Error

SIR: In his recently published memoirs, "Rebel at Large," Mr. George Creel has given his version of what occurred between us immediately after I had defeated him for the democratic nomination for Governor of California in September of 1934. Mr. Creel's version reads as follows.

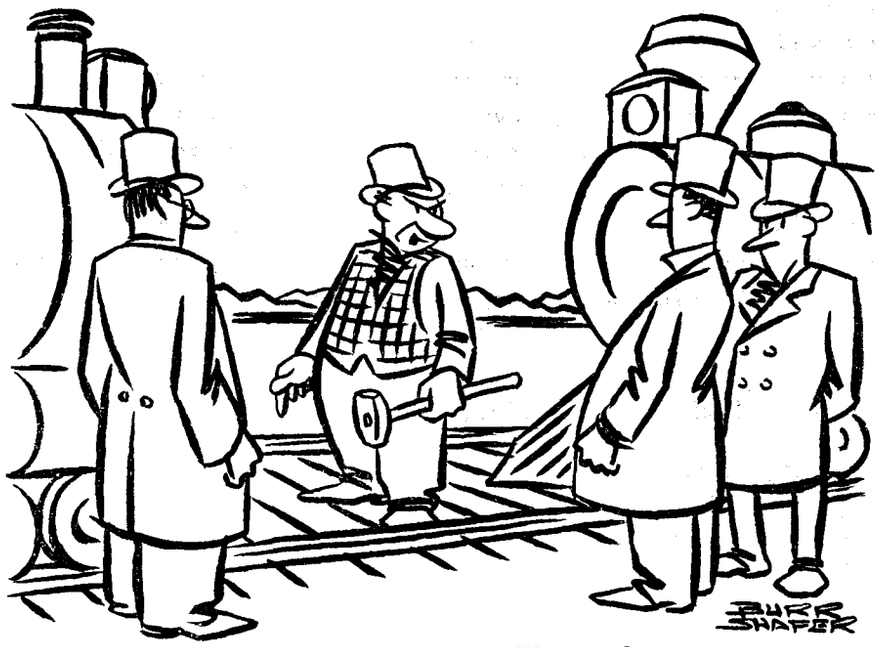
> How was it possible to swallow EPIC? Finally going to Sinclair, I told him flatly that I could not and would not support him if he continued to advance his plan, inasmuch as I had denounced it daily as utterly unrealizable and even dishonest in many of its features. If, however, he would junk his crack-brained, unworkable hodgepodge and accept a sanely progressive platform, I would support him. He and his "economists" agreed, and as chairman of the Democratic State Convention I was able to state honestly that our declaration of purpose was one to which every true Democrat could subscribe without sacrifice of principle.

In the interest of historical accuracy, I request you to publish my side of the story. During the entire period of the EPIC campaign, about fourteen months, I met George Creel only once. I have never seen him alone in my life. On the occasion in question there were present at least a dozen persons and possibly a score. The meeting took place at my home in Pasadena, and my recollection of it is so vivid that I could point to the spot where Mr. Creel stood, and the chair in which he sat. There were present the members of our EPIC campaign committee. They included Sheridan Downey, successful candidate for the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor; Richard Otto, campaign manager; John Beardsley, attorney, afterwards judge; and a number of others whom I could name. George Creel made some timid suggestion of changes in the EPIC program, and was instantly and emphatically turned down by everyone present. This was, so far as I know, the only suggestion that was ever made to change the EPIC program. It had been printed in several pamphlets which had had circulation of nearly one-half million, and it was a pledge to the people of the state.

I remember very well how George Creel took his rebuff. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves in an overdramatic gesture, and said, "Let's get to work." He went to work, as everybody else did. It was only after a few weeks, when *The Literary Digest* polls showed that I was not going to be elected, that Creel suddenly discovered that I was "starry-eyed and ecstatic," and that the program was a "crack-brained, unworkable hodgepodge." Raymond Moley in his book states that it was Creel who persuaded Roosevelt that I was going to be beaten, and so the support of the Administration was withheld. James Farley had written a letter endorsing the campaign, but he then hurriedly took back the endorsement, and gave out the statement that his signature had been applied with a rubber stamp.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Monrovia, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Don't anybody leave—where's that gold spike?"

Calliope

SIR: Did Mr. Bromfield, perchance, read his own "appallingly bad," "three-times-warmed-over" "Colorado" before writing "Calliope" [*SRL* Dec. 27]? Accurate though I believe his criticism of modern American reviewing to be, it comes hard to take it from a hand which so recently was pawing in the literary trash heaps.

VICTOR PAUL HASS.

Omaha, Neb.

SIR: I have not read enough of Louis Bromfield's fiction to qualify for admittance to the sacred circle, primarily because the little I have read seemed to me lush tripe of the pattern he so passionately denounces in "Calliope and the Critics." If Mr. Bromfield would enlarge his field to include himself, I would concur wholeheartedly with his judgment on the state of American writing.

Resolving the blame for money-tainted literature on critics and reviewers, however, is something like blaming the atom bomb on the reporter who records the immensity of its blast. And in order to motivate his argument, Mr. Bromfield has had to make some assumptions which, I think, are not necessarily true. The reviewers of at least the five or six publications I happen to read are disillusioned by all this bigness, have in fact been lamenting the same calliope since its raucous noise began. With one exception (not a best seller) I cannot recall seeing the adjective "great" applied to any fiction for the past year or two. I wonder whether Mr. Bromfield saw the poll of reviewers anent this past year's fiction recently published in the Sunday *New York Times Book Review*? He could have ticked off the ballyhooed best sellers on the index finger of his left hand.

Granting, if you will, that even the best examples of our writing, the books which emerge occasionally from oblivion into oblivion, are less than masterpieces, it is a little unfair to expect critics to achieve this "greatness" of Mr. Bromfield's with such mediocre impetus. Brandes and Saint-Beuve, alive today, would stumble along with the rest of us, hopeful, perhaps, but frustrated.

The disease is too universal to be limited to so small a segment of the cultural body as literary criticism. It is a truism, too, that literary decadence is merely one symptom of the sickness of an age. Unfortunately, while there is gold to be made, there will be writers to make it.

CARL FICK.

Tolland, Mass.

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Special Studies.

In 1939 Einstein reluctantly warned President Roosevelt of the possibility and potential might of The Bomb, and the probability that the Germans might soon develop it. In 1945 The Bomb was used. Its physical impact was immediate and devastating; its intellectual and moral impact was slower and more devious. Through 1946 the world pondered its meaning. In 1947 a group of popular books on the physical background of The Bomb made their appearance. Probably the best of these were the late Selig Hecht's "Explaining the Atom," and George Gamow's "One, Two, Three . . . Infinity." And in 1947 Princeton's Bicentennial celebration was the occasion for some soul-searching by the scientists themselves, who began to explore the social and moral implications of their profession.

The Scientists Contemplate Their Child

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND HUMAN VALUES. Edited by Dr. K. K. Darrow. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1947. 181 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

THIS little book reports two days of the extended proceedings devoted last year to the celebration of the bicentennial of Princeton University. Presumably because of The Bomb, two of three days comprising the Nuclear Science Session dealt largely with social matters, and those two days are reported here, the editing and coordination having been done by Dr. K. K. Darrow, of the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

The meetings opened, strangely enough, with a discussion of "Scholarship in the Secondary School," by F. T. Spaulding, commissioner of education for the State of New York. His melancholy conclusion is that there cannot be any. He says as much (italics his): "*. . . the American high school is not now, nor is it likely to become, an effective instrument for specialized scholarly training.*" This standard cry of the modern educator seems depressing to me, particularly in view of our destruction of the European school system which, by its attention to the mental elite, has served for five centuries as the basis for intellectual progress. Modern educators see nothing wrong with building asylums at state expense for the feeble-minded, but recoil in horror from the "undemocratic" notion of special schools for the intelligent.

John H. Bosshart, Commissioner of Education in New Jersey, is a little more conscious of his duty to posterity. In the discussion following, he says: "We want to produce all that we can, taking into consideration the abilities of the youngsters." Emphasizing the fact that, in our "democratic" society, it is possible for the gifted child to get a good secondary education only when his father happens to be rich, John C. Hogg, a private-school man, says: ". . . in Exeter we find that it is absolutely astonishing what a young capable boy can do if he is led along in the direction where he has ability and interest."

The next two chapters, each consisting of a set speech followed by discussion, are mostly of parochial interest to scientists. They concern "The Relation of Research in Universities to Government and Commercial Laboratories," led by I. I. Rabi (university research must remain free), and "The Large Laboratory in Nuclear Research," led by L. A. DuBridge (large laboratories are needed, but they must be headed by great men in order to succeed).

Harlow Shapley's remarks on "The Uses and Hopes of Scientific Societies," by dealing with the desirability of scientific internationalism, touch off the inevitable discussion of secrecy in science. The tenor of this discussion is thoroughly depressing to any man of good will. It is agreed that secrecy is needed, though some speakers ascribe this necessity to the pressure of uninformed opinion. The discussion concludes on this remarkable note (the speaker is Joseph Mayer): "There are bound to be things that the [Atomic Energy] Commission doesn't know of; but, in spite of this, anything new which is found out is secret first, non-secret only after the Commission has declassified it." This is the farthest north in schemes for nationalizing the universal that I have ever heard, but no voice opposed it. Maybe it was time for lunch.

A philosopher, F. S. C. Northrop, next takes the floor, to speak on "The Physical Sciences, Philosophy, and Human Values." It is his contention that ideologies have their roots in philosophies of physical science, the Western democratic tradition being out of John Locke, by Newton and Galileo, Russian communism out of Marx, by mathematical physics generally, Kant and Hegel in particular.

He suggests, as a means of *rapprochement* between the two ideologies, an attempt to reach agreement on the philosophical basis of the natural sciences. After considerable high-falutin discussion, Darwin rises to say:

> I should like to pose a concrete question. Let us define a Communist as a person who opposes private ownership of a farm or factory, and a democrat as a person who favors private ownership. Does Northrop mean to say that if we physicists were to come to agreement among ourselves on the basic doctrines of theoretical physics, then either the communist would give up his opposition to private ownership or else the democrat become opposed to it?

No simple answer is offered.

The next subject, that of "The Foundations of Freedom in Science," is probably regarded by most laymen as parochial. The closely reasoned argument of M. Polanyi, however, is worthy of attention, as is the fairly considerable tendency of many participants in the discussion to surrender the guidance of science to state control.

Under the title "New Vistas for Intelligence," P. W. Bridgman, the great Harvard physicist, makes some of the most cogent remarks of the sessions. He points out that, while the whole of the "scientific method" used in physical science may not be transferable to social problems, the objectivity of science, and its application of intelligence, with no holds barred, are promising avenues of attack on such problems. He deplores the destructions of the old absolutes and trancendentals of religion and philosophy without any effort to found new ones on the basis of intelligence and reason. Analysis of meanings holds a promi-

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nent place in his recommendations for repairing this neglect.

The book is closed by a paper presented, without following discussion, by Henry Norris Russell. His title is "The Ivory Tower and the Ivory Gate," and his thesis is that science genuinely transcends ideologies. He tells of the great German astronomer Schwarzschild, who used to take every opportunity, when stationed in Belgium during the First World War, to talk with the interned Belgian astronomers. On one such occasion, while making a point, he found himself without a pencil. Drawing his sword, he scratched a diagram in the packed earth of a path. Sheathing it, he said reflectively, *"Das Ding kann auch für etwas vernuftiges benutzt werden."*

Russell says:

> My plea is for the preservation of a certain esoteric quality of science, and in each particular science, born of common interests and a common way of thought which binds its votaries into a fellowship independent of their other connections. . . . I believe that science and the body politic may both be injured by listening to the enthusiasts who strive for the participation of science, as such, on either side of the divisions raised by political or social ideologies.

Altogether, this is a very interesting little book, and the points it raises are well worth pondering. The reader must not expect to find the answers; the representation of scientists at the meeting was too small and unrepresentative for that. But the questions are well posed, and there is interesting comment.

Pandora

Portrait of the poet as a young, middle-aged, or old man or woman.

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

OH, DO I travel north or south
'Neath pine or tropic banyan,
The journey's marked by storm or drouth.
An ill wind's my companion,
Though order reign and fortune thrive
In Zanzibar or Taos,
I need no more than just arrive
To throw the place in chaos!

Does gentle peace enfold the moon?
Then luna-ward let *me* go;
That orb will be a Bedlam soon.
I'm trouble's alter-ego.
For others meet adversity
Which, given time, they master.
But me, alas, I seem to be
Personified disaster!

Art. *In 1907 Theodore Roosevelt wrote of Frederic Remington: "He is, of course, one of the most typical artists we have ever had. . . . The soldier, the cowboy and rancher, the Indian, the horses, and the cattle of the plains, will live in his pictures and bronzes, I verily believe, for all time." And Owen Wister described Remington as "draughtsman, historian, poet." It is useless to quarrel about the merits of Remington as an artist. His following is immense. He was, as Wister suggested, a romantic poet in color, and an historian. Only recently have our historians been able to disentangle the social element from the esthetic in our indigenous art. A book like James Flexner's study of colonial painting, reviewed below, sets the new pattern of judging our art not only for its intrinsic worth but also for its importance in the social scene.*

Reflections of Colonial Days

AMERICAN PAINTING: First Flowers of Our Wilderness. By James Thomas Flexner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 367 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by J. C. LONG

FOR THE past dozen years there has been a steadily growing cult of the readers of James Thomas Flexner. They will be augmented by this latest work.

Flexner is that rare soul who can combine the excitements of original scholarship with the pleasures of beautiful prose. Having already established himself as an especially engaging authority on the history of American doctors, and, again, of American steamboats, he now turns the penetrating beam of his mind on American colonial art in a way likely to disturb the traditionalist in either art criticism or history.

He kicks off in his introductory pages with the observation that artists "express the basic philosophical conceptions of their place and time." That seems like a neat idea which pedants would welcome, until the reader discovers that Flexner really admits to no such thing as a basic concept in a convenient static sense. He blasts the critics who have viewed the colonial artists as Tories, and conversely denies that American painters were indigenous. "The civilization of the New World has always been interwoven with that of the Old by a common heritage," he says. "Even American liberalism, often considered the most indigenous aspect of our thought, was part of a world current toward freedom."

Flexner, in brief, holds that American painters emerged earlier than practitioners in other arts, including letters; that they reflected the American scene; and that they did so with no consciousness of propaganda. They might wish to ape the old masters, they might dream of becoming painters of courtly subjects; but such aims, whether desired or not, were beyond their reach, not in their environment.

The American painter, Flexner observes with a wealth of evidence, was inescapably isolated in relation to his immediate social scene. He tells of Copley reading European books on art but deploring that their lack of graphic illustrations deprived him of any real guidance from them. He points out also that the only available subjects for portraiture were merchants, clergymen, fellow-craftsmen, and lesser folk. Hence, the American colonial painters perforce were original both in technique and subject matter. Even when they mimicked the baroque and decadent manner of old-world stylists, they were buoyantly florid and naïve because

—From the book.

Governor Peter Stuyvesant, by Stuyvesant Linner, one of America's colonial artists.

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both the zest and the innocence of the new country were of their very being.

John Singleton Copley, 1738-1815, is the chief figure of the book, both in the space devoted to him and in the orientation of the author's thesis. Copley was "a microcosm, a reflection in miniature of those turbulent years in New England . . . he was a Whig and a Tory and a pacifist; he was an abject colonial and a self-reliant patriot; he was fascinated by character and conscious of rank; he was a merchant and an artisan and great painter."

Flexner discusses the early art of the Puritans and emphasizes their fondness for color. He also points to powerful Dutch paintings in the settlements along the Hudson. He almost ignores Gilbert Stuart, of Rhode Island, 1755-1828, probably because his chief work was post-colonial. Missing completely is Patience Wright, of Bordentown, New Jersey, 1725-1786, whose bust of Chatham is in Westminster Abbey. Friend of Franklin and other colonials, she would be especially pertinent in the consideration of socially significant artists. Flexner, however, while discussing sculpture, excludes it from his immediate focus.

The charm of any Flexner book lies in the fact that it is what it is. The current opus has the stimulus of an evening of informed, brilliant, and civilized conversation. The forty-five pages of notes, wisely printed as readably as the main text, bolster the author's conclusions and add to the research value of the work.

"American Painting: First Flowers of Our Wilderness" happens to be one of the few justifications of the publishing madness which runs to lakes, rivers, cities, states, trends, and other compendia. It is a superb book; its color reproductions, in mat rather than gloss finish, are of notable quality, and the half-tones in black and white are also exceptional.

J. C. Long, essayist and biographer, has specialized in the eighteenth-century relationships between English and American ideas.

Horses, Good Whisky, and Art

FREDERIC REMINGTON: ARTIST OF THE OLD WEST. By Harold McCracken. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1947. 157 pp. $10.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

TALK as we may about cold wars, the book business in 1947 proclaimed that peace was here. It was, indeed, a year of pictorial discovery of the West; works which could not have readily been published during the war were exploding into view all last fall. After waiting for several epochs, we at last have a generous representation of William Jackson's paintings and photographs, and close behind it the paintings and sketches of Alfred Jacob Miller, in Bernard DeVoto's book about the great days of the fur trade. Now, to fill the measure to overflowing, here is a book on Frederic Remington.

It might as well be said at once that the reproductions of Remington's work give the latest of these books its chief interest. Mr. McCracken seems to have tried conscientiously to sketch the record of the artist's life, but Remington appears to have been too limited a personality to provide a very rewarding biography, though his life is not without some of the fascination of an adventure story. Remington was what we call a man's man, with a man's extrovert interests in life. If he had much of an inner life, beyond a passion for action, horses, and good whisky, it is not greatly in evidence either in his work or the record of his years. It would appear, too, that the volume of material illuminating Remington's life is not great, so that frequently Mr. McCracken has been reduced to summarizing Remington's own account of himself, fragments of which enliven a dozen or two articles and prose sketches published by the author over a thirty-year period. Since Remington's interest in himself was only incidental to whatever he happened to be writing about, Mr. McCracken is sometimes left pretty much at sea. And even when the record is more clear, Mr. McCracken declines exploring his subject for underlying motivations.

So let's look at this book not as a biography so much as a collection of Remington's work which includes a well-considered introduction by James Chillman, Jr., and an exhaustive checklist of his work, as well as thirty-two plates in full color and numerous black-and-white reproductions of his art.

Mr. Chillman to the contrary not-

—*From the book.*

"A Hard Trail"
***Century*, March 1888**

withstanding, it is as a pictorial historian that Remington has continued importance for us. The nineteen-year-old Yale boy went West in 1880. The occupation of the range by the cattleman was then about completed. It was four years since the Sioux ate Custer alive, and three since the incomparable Chief Joseph surrendered

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his Nez Perces in the Big Hole Valley; but the Sioux frontier still smoldered, and the Apache frontier was still afire. Remington got there just in time to see the last campaigns of the cavalry, the last free years of the tribesmen, and range life in its heyday. Because of him, these years will always live for us, as we turn again and again to his paintings and drawings.

Yet Remington's continued fascination for connoisseurs of art, a catholic term embracing alike a man who runs a trapline up in the Big Horn Mountains, a Texas oilman, or a Jersey City bartender, is not wholly explained by the historical fidelity of his work. Remington belongs in the romantic Western tradition. Contrary to popular legend, he did draw a woman or two during his lifetime, but it was men of action and their horses that stirred him, and he is calculated to appeal to anyone who yearns after the day "when men were men and women were glad of it." Remington is the historian of a vanished life, but he is also a highroad into fantasy.

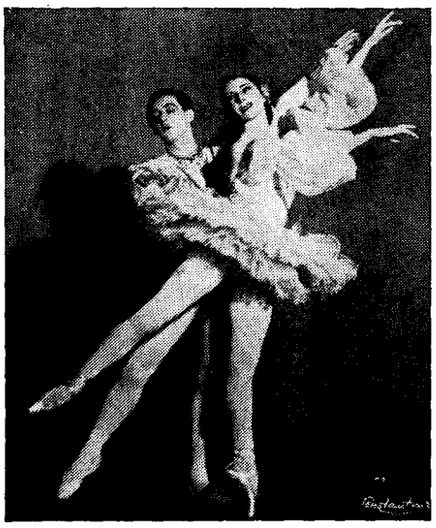
A great deal of the Old West, as a way of life, survives in Remington's drawings, paintings, and sculpture. But only rarely in his work will you find the physical aspect of the West itself, as you will find it, for example, in Alfred Miller's paintings. Remington's West is pretty much what it was to the men who interested him, a stern, demanding terrain which was generally, in one way or another, an obstacle to some exercise of the human will. Its pictorial qualities fade into nondescriptness. What is going on in the foreground dominates the entire landscape. In the absence of action, nothing of much interest remains to intrigue the eye.

Sometimes this passion for action, consummated with however much virtuosity, burns out to a pretty unsatisfactory residue. For my money, the least satisfying example of Remington's work displayed in this whole book is the elaborate sculptural tableau of Indian horse and rider being gored by a buffalo. But turn from this to another sculptural piece, "The Norther," and one gets another view of Remington. One winces at the savage sweep of the wind and the flinty blast of the snow: here the action is implied rather than expressed, and one is gripped by it; this sculpture has an emotional content usually lacking in Remington's work. For this once, at least, Remington was not just the historian of the West: he was historian of the human race itself, and its unending struggle to survive.

Music.

A fortunate conjunction brings together below a book by Stravinsky and another on the ballet, for Stravinsky's best-known music was written for the ballet before the First World War and it revolutionized that art. The master then went on to other fields, and has never ceased to confound the critics and his followers by his ever-fertile innovation. Perhaps the most delightful of his later works is the "Dumbarton Oaks" concerto, which is a species of chamber music. Early spring will see a new "critical survey" of Stravinsky by Eric Walter White. . . . The least recognized but most dedicated practitioners of real chamber music today are the hot jazz musicians, whose improvisations are as intricately formal as any string quartet.

Posing the Classic Dance



—Courtesy of S. Hurok.

Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova

BALLET: 101 Photographs by Maurice Seymour. With a forward by Leonide Massine. Chicago: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 1947. 101 pp. $10.

Reviewed by ARTHUR TODD

SOON after the Russian Ballet returned to America in 1933, its leading dancers began dropping in at the photography studio of Maurice Seymour whenever they were appearing in Chicago. As time went on, the great and near-great in ballet, both Russian and American, came in increasing numbers because they discovered that he was a photographer with the gift and ability to record the essential qualities of line and grace which are an integral part of ballet. Over the years, Seymour made more than 4,000 pictures of them, and from this number he has assembled and chosen a collection of 101 for this book. It is these pictures that comprise the major portion of interest of this volume.

Obviously, Mr. Seymour has a great feeling for the classic or so-called "white" ballets, and there are numerous representations of this category. Such works, of course, form an ideal background for the classic ballerinas, Alicia Markova, Alexandra Danilova, Mia Slavenska, Tamara Toumanova, Irina Baranova, and Tatiana Riabouchinska. The male side of the ballet is represented chiefly by Leonide Massine, Frederic Franklin, Igor Youskevitch, Andre Eglevsky, David Lichine, and Anton Dolin. One of this book's most noteworthy features is the extensive coverage of Alicia Markova's dance career in America. In these pictures Mr. Seymour reaches the peak of his artistry, and doubtless Markova's legion of admirers will delight in the fourteen photographs which show the incomparable dancer in such works as "Giselle," "Swan Lake," "Les Sylphides," "Seventh Symphony," "Rouge et Noir," and "Camille."

These are not action or performance pictures of ballet in a true sense. Rather, they are mainly studio shots, posed against simple backgrounds, and only seldom is there any stress on dance action. This is because Maurice Seymour's chief concern in portraits was to record the "pose" of the dancer in a manner that captured the essence of the "technique or personality" of the subject. Likewise, in a balletic scene, he sought the "characteristic pose and expression" that would preserve the true spirit of the work, while recording the character of the dancer in the specific role. The resultant pictures reflect Seymour's intuitive understanding of ballet which led the individual dancers to provide precisely the elements he sought.

"Ballet" also contains a brief and appreciative preface by Leonide Massine and a short introduction in which Mr. Seymour states his artistic purposes. Each picture is captioned and there is, in addition, an index of dancers and ballets by page number;

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also a listing of the choreographers, composers and designers concerned with each of the ballets. The pictures are beautifully reproduced. The fine type, the quality of the cover, binding, and paper likewise contribute their share in making this a handsome volume.

Arthur Todd has studied the dance with Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, has written articles on it, and is at present with Esquire.

"Mr. Jazz"

WE CALLED IT MUSIC. By Eddie Condon. Narration by Thomas Sugrue. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 341 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

THE STORY of "Mr. Jazz," as Condon has been called on a number of occasions, should make a valuable addition to the chronicles of American music. It does, up to a point, but only up to a point. That point is reached in his book about the time Condon leaves Peavey's Jazz Bandits and sets out for Chicago. From there on, the material is, of course, familiar; it has all been told before, from different points of view. The thrills that the knickered, slick-haired young jazz aspirants got from listening to Papa Joe Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and Johnny Dodds in Chicago; the first meeting with Bix Beiderbecke; the nerve-wracking jobs played for the Capone mob; the organization of the bands for the history-making Chicago jazz records of "I've Found a New Baby," "Nobody's Sweetheart," "China Boy," and others; the difficulties of the jazzmen in New York in the Thirties, when nobody but other musicians would listen to them—all this has been set down previously, in such books as Mezz Mezzrow's "Really the Blues," Hoagy Carmichael's "The Stardust Road," and Rudi Blesh's "This Is Jazz."

But, to give credit where it is due, there are parts of "We Called It Music" that are unexpectedly delightful. Condon was the ninth and last child of John and Margaret McGrath Condon, who lived for a long time in Momence, Illinois, where the former ran a saloon. The Condons were a wonderfully cheerful, happy-go-lucky group, and the dialogue that was tossed off around the house would have been the envy of any gag-writer who might have happened to overhear it. To quote at random:

> "What do you think of Harding?" Pa said.
> "I think he is President," I said.
> "That is a personal opinion," Pa answered.

But when Condon takes his banjo to Iowa, and later to Chicago and New York, he sounds just a little like a cracked phonograph record. Right here I'd like to say that it seems a pity that jazz musicians can't write about meeting Bix Beiderbecke, acknowledged the greatest of them all, without getting starry-eyed. Carmichael had that difficulty in his book, Mezzrow had it in his, and Condon, while he tells us a little more about Bix the man, suffers from it too. Describing his first hearing, he says:

> Then it happened. All my life I had been listening to music, particularly on the piano. But I had never heard anything remotely resembling what Beiderbecke played. For the first time I realized that music isn't all the same, that some people play so differently from others that it becomes an entirely new set of sounds.

There is an excellent appendix, compiled by John Swingle, listing the Chicago bands and Eddie Condon on records, but it is not clear to me who wrote the book itself. On the title page it says "by Eddie Condon, narration by Thomas Sugrue." Inside, as though to substantiate this, there are four long italicized passages which serve as a thread of continuity to show what was happening in jazz between Condon anecdotes. Apparently Sugrue wrote these and, I might add, they are excellent; although there is not much in them that is new, they constitute a splendidly objective commentary on the growth of jazz. The parts which Condon presumably tells in the first person are amusingly written.

Dissonance Disguise?

POETICS OF MUSIC. By Igor Stravinsky. Translated by Arthur Knodel and Ingolf Dohl. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1947. 142 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR V. BERGER

AROUND the time of World War I, *minimum requirements for* novelty in any composer's style were so exorbitant that when Igor Stravinsky in the Twenties reinstated balance between tradition, individuality, and the temporal he appeared to some, simply by contrast with the current, often chaotic excesses, to have receded into an academic re-echoing, under the disguise of dissonance, of what had already been said by masters from Bach to Tchaikovsky. This interpretation of Stravinsky's contribution has become, by now, legendary, though works like his piano concerto, "Symphonie de Psaumes," and "Dumbarton Oaks" concerto are still tightly enough packed with novelty to challenge, at least at first, almost any listener who is not an habitual follower of current trends. For we encounter the legend much more frequently than we have opportunity to hear the works that invalidate it.

A victim of this legend, Stravinsky, when asked to give the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard in 1939-1940, did so in understandably and frankly polemic tone. "The Poetics of Music: in the Form of Six Lessons," delivered in French and first published in that language in 1942, dealt very little with the composer's own works, which entered into the discussion on a legitimately equal basis with other works of the literature to illustrate points related to the art of composing, essentially the subject of the lectures. But, above all, Stravinsky was presenting an apologia for his own music, for the soberly and judiciously revised attitude towards the masterworks of the past and the art reflected in his creative processes.

To approach these lectures as if they were an esthetician's philosophic and carefully equilibrated statement on the principles of creation is thus a mistake, even though they exhibit a remarkable command, for a musician, of speculative language. As assumptions of a towering creator of our time, his likes and dislikes, his grievances, justify themselves. It suffices that this was the dogma motivating the extraordinary musical results, and it is in terms of these results that estheticians and analysts may realize the vast implications of observations which are merely presented in the spirit of an entirely legitimate, authoritative "I believe." Along with the general esthetic matters which predominate, there is, for example, mention of the technical device, "polarity," which gives a new twist to exhausted scale systems. Since musical training was not assumed in his listeners, the new device is not illustrated. But like the more broadly philosophic notions sometimes merely sketched in, and perplexing to those who are not familiar with modern esthetic reasoning, it is enough to set us thinking and probing.

The musician's ear, skilfully operating on the cadential flow of prose, shows up little, of course, in the translation. But this is faithful enough to preserve the literary references and choice of phrases that give distinction to what is, in short, a plea for "order and discipline," melody, the limitations imposed by form, and a sense of tradition separable from habit and the artistic conservatism advocated by the Soviets.

Arthur V. Berger is a music critic for the New York Herald Tribune.

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Poetry.

What is it that stamps an anthology as outstanding and a permanent addition to the literary shelf? Not merely that it contains admittedly good selections, but that it has freshness and balance in its inclusions, that it maintains a proper proportion between the tested and the new, and that its ground of choice is not merely personal liking but critical judgment as well. Every compendium of the sort, of necessity, contains much that is familiar—it would leave out the best, if it did not, but it rests or falls not merely on the classical contents but upon those which the editor adds as his own preferences and not those winnowed out by time. It is in this range of taste that is to be found the justification for the steady multiplication of anthologies.

Senior Society

TWO HUNDRED POEMS. Edited with an introduction by Ricardo Quintana. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 393 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I SEE no particular *raison d'etre* for this anthology. "One may well read a fine poem many times at intervals"? Perfectly true. I have read most of the poems included not once but a number of times, and nothing is included that is vitally new to me. But every scholar has the overpowering desire at one time or another to get within covers the particular poets he conceives to be the *crème de la crème;* and that is what Mr. Quintana has done. The already famous we have always with us, and when I turn to his selections from Keats or John Donne, to pick two at random, I find nothing I have not already thought admirable. When I turn to the moderns, I note that Hopkins, Yeats, T. S. Eliot, Frost, MacLeish, Auden, MacNeice, and Spender are the only ones tapped for his senior poetic society. So many fine modern poets are left out that it is rather absurd. Hopkins, a good eccentric poet, is also the fad of the twentieth century; Yeats is certainly of the first order, but hardly the only one in our time; about my contemporaries I am well advised to say nothing, though it is allowable to mention such names as Hardy (when did Hopkins come within hail of the importance of a great poem like "The Dynasts"?), Masefield (or of "Dauber" for that matter), Lindsay (the most original American poet of our time), Robert Bridges, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Elinor Wylie, James Stephens. Those are merely a few.

I have rarely read so many accepted things said in so colorless a way as in Mr. Quintana's introduction. I am sorry to be so severe, but there it is. However, I like volumes of selections of poetry to dip into now and then, and this one goes on my shelf with many another, and each brings its own arrangement of the best, or what the compiler has conceived to be the best. As I view this one I cannot help but think how many times the bulk of it has been reprinted in one arrangement or another, so that actually the section given over to the twentieth century is of the most interest, even though occasionally one stumbles on such atrocious lines as Spender's

> O brave, powdered mask of weeded motherhood

but then that is the "originality" of today. It is not that the poets cannot write better than that. It is that we critics, with uncritical eulogy, have often encouraged them to write so badly!

In Love with the Word

COLLECTED POEMS. By Sister M. Madeleva. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 166 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
SISTER M. MARGUERITE, R.S.M.

HERE is a Sister in love with the Word and its singing beauty. From the dedication "To My Favorite Author" with its vision beyond the superficial, and its flaming prayer: "Break Thou the sealing clod and read me, God!," down to the last poem, "To Mary," Sister Madeleva has maintained not merely a high standard in ideals and piety, but a fascinating perfection of form, and a satisfying surety of technique. Of the varied verse forms, her sonnets are the best from a literary viewpoint. Not only are they structurally perfect, but they fulfill the integral purpose of this most stringent form of poetry: the question presented, the generalization factualized, or the difficulty proposed in the octet, with the compacted answer, experience concretized, or solution given in the sextet.

Clearly in her poems are portrayed her vocation:

> You do not think it is because I do not share
> A woman's subtle weakness for the piquancy of dress,

she writes in her "Questions On a Nun's Habit." Her scholarliness unobtrusively permeates such poems as "Penelope" or "The King's Secret." Her Scriptural poems display an insight gained by profound meditation, especially "I Will Remember Rahab," with its conclusion: "You wouldn't think a harlot would have such luck." In every poem, she betrays her profession, not, however, in formal professorial tone, but in the abounding delight of sharing the knowledge that inundates her own soul with joy. Witness her "Food for Sailors":

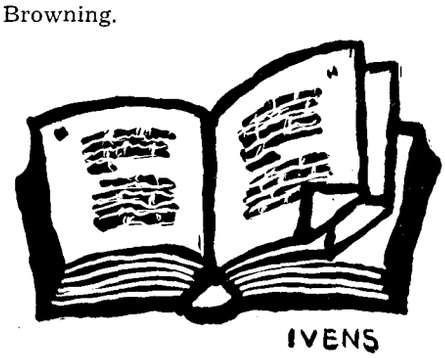
> Odysseus ate the lotus with his crew
> Forgot their home and thought that they were swine.
> Who taste the flower of Jesse's blossoming rod
> Remember Eden, know they are divine.

In her "November Afternoons," ("When all the air is still and branches are bare, / And the long-lovely light that I remember") or in "Michaelmastide" ("Michaelmas daisies by the wall, / Luminous beech trees to remember, / And the rooks' call") or in "California Spring" ("What weapon have I for a gradual flower, / Or what defense against a folded leaf"), and again in her "Desert Sunset," ("Virginal, consecrate, lone must sunset forever be, / Taking her mystic way to the heart of eternity"), as well as in numerous other poems of outdoor life, she adds a new delight to the experience of the casual observer.

But it is in her personal poems of love that she makes strongest appeal:

> The wild and wistful way that I have gone
> Leads but to peace. Beloved, follow me.

"Futility," "To the Initiate," "As One Finding Peace," "Surrender," are poems that, among others, might well find place with the love poetry of Elinor Wylie or Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



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Seeing Things

INNOCENT MERRIMENT

THE CALAMITY JANES, that fecund sisterhood, are forever telling us that the world is going, or has gone, to the dogs. We believe them, or almost believe them, for a few hours each day. Their laments are not undocumented. Although these crepe-hangers may have a sweet-tooth for disaster, they have facts to chew upon. A sizable percentage of the news in the daily press and on the air seems to be designed merely to support them.

There is no denying that in our time we have said farewell to many things of beauty. To many pleasant places and gracious ways. The rubble which can be encountered today is not limited to bricks and stone. It includes governments no less than cities; hopes and assumptions as well as buildings; patterns of human life along with public squares. In most parts of the world hardship, if not misery, is the common lot. Everywhere apprehension is in men's minds. Security has ceased to be an expectation. For those who would have once assumed it, it has become a memory, like the dream of serenity.

Yet, just when the professional mourners are on the verge of persuading us that everything is changed, that nothing is as it once was, some instance, large or trivial, bobs up to give them the lie. It is then we realize that, submerged as these continuities and reassurances may be, they still persist. In the age of the atom they appear merely to have been precautionary enough to go underground.

Take, for example, what is happening in New York right now on both sides of the footlights at the New Century Theatre. The name of the playhouse would be of no consequence, if London's D'Oyly Carte Opera Company were not offering Gilbert and Sullivan there. Precisely what is occurring at the Century would occur at any other theatre if only it had the good fortune to be occupied by these peerless Savoyards. Or, for that matter, by any other Gilbert and Sullivan troupe worthy of the name.

In realms religious, is George VI England's true Defender of the Faith? So far as Sir William and Sir Arthur are concerned, the D'Oyly Carte is the world's defender of a faith which is also something of a religion. What the Comédie is to Molière, what the Bayreuth Festspielhaus is to Wagner, the D'Oyly Carte is to Gilbert and Sullivan. It is the one and only inheritor of the original tradition. It finds the royal line unbroken. Its succession is almost apostolic. The very name "Savoyard" has its origins in the Savoy Theatre where Richard D'Oyly Carte first produced the operas this company has been staging ever since.

Let a report creep into the New York newspapers that the D'Oyly Carte is planning to open, and strange things begin to happen both east and west of the Hudson. Manhattanites who ordinarily never think of entering a playhouse get busy. As happy as Mohammedans if Mecca had come to them instead of their having to go to Mecca, they prepare for their pilgrimages. The backs of postmen suddenly bend under the piles of unsolicited mail orders they must carry. Telegraph wires hum; telephones start ringing in the management's office with the insistence of fire alarms, long before any box office is open. Parents remember they have children; children that they have parents. Families that have not foregathered since the first christening or the last funeral emerge as units. Librarians leave their stacks; clubmen their clubs; policemen their beats. Invalids forget that they are ill, or, if they remember, come trooping as if to Lourdes. Clergymen swallow all the harsh words they have had to say about the stage on Sundays which might otherwise have been dullish. And people who for years have not been seen out after dark (or sometimes even by daylight) converge in droves on whatever playhouse the D'Oyly Carte may be occupying. That is, when once these citizens, whose years of dramatic hibernation are over, have been fortunate enough to purchase tickets.

Darrell Fancourt's "Emperor of Japan so glories in gore that before him even General MacArthur might tremble."

ANY ITEM in the D'Oyly Carte's repertory is guaranteed to change the nature of current playgoing in New York at any performance. It does not matter whether the opera be "The Pirates," "Iolanthe," "The Yeomen," "Pinafore," "Patience," or "The Gondoliers," the difference—and a pleasant one—will at once be made clear. As an old D'Oyly Carter, I know this to be true though, during their present engagement, "The Mikado"* is the only one of their offerings that I have so far been able to see.

The difference I have in mind exists out front no less than behind the footlights at the Century. I say this confidently, because each reappearance of the D'Oyly Carte Company in Manhattan represents more than a return engagement for it in New York. It means a return on New York's part to the kind of theatre and the kind of audiences usually associated only with "the good old days."

The thug-faced males, the granite-faced females; the sullen, the bad-mannered, and the bored; the human rodents, the molls, the dolls, and the hucksters; the skunks in sables (as Mr. Winchell once called them); the over-exposed to city living; those creatures who would be the best arguments for Planned Parenthood if, visually and spiritually, they were not arguments against parenthood itself—all these people who clutter up so many first nights and whose only interest in Broadway is its commercial hits are blessedly absent.

In place of them you will find an audience that could be described as brand-new, were it not in its essentials the same old audience that good productions of Gilbert and Sullivan invariably attract. Kindly people. Neighborly people with manners. People who have homes and actually eat in them. People whose faces are

THE MIKADO, written by W. S. Gilbert, composed by Arthur Sullivan. Settings and costumes by Charles Ricketts. Orchestra conducted by Isidore Godfrey. Presented by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of London. With a cast including Darrell Fancourt, Thomas Round, Martyn Green, Richard Watson, Margaret Mitchell, Ella Halman, etc. At the New Century.

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HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

KATHARINE CORNELL GODFREY TEARLE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
Martin Beck, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mat. Wed-Sat

"RICHLY SATISFYING DRAMA"
—Barnes, Her. Trib.
The Winslow Boy
A New Play by TERENCE RATTIGAN
EMPIRE Thea., 40th Street & Broadway
Evgs. at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"I RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY."
Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker
FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE presents
Basil RATHBONE • Wendy HILLER
"The Heiress"
by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
with Patricia COLLINGE
Production by JED HARRIS
BILTMORE, W. 47 ST. MATS. WED. & SAT.

"Here's A Happy Hit."—Garland, Jl. Amer.

THE Hartmans
in the smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DIRECT HIT!"—Walter Winchell
PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with
JAY FASSETT
PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

sensitive, not insensitive. Genteel people (oh now foolishly despised word). Men and women whose reading has not stopped with *The Racing Form,* Chollie Knickerbocker, the latest murder scandal, "Forever Amber," or *Variety.* People who have heard of the country, taken exercise, breathed fresh air, and even seen trees outside of Central Park. Gray-haired couples. Men and women who arrive smiling and keep on smiling. Cóllegians, high-school students, and hordes of parents holding starry-eyed children by the hands.

The children, at any rate the young people, compose at least half the house. Their presence succeeds in making any night performance look like a matinee. Plainly, a fair percentage of them are sallying forth for the first time after dark. In itself this would be enough to lift the evening into high adventure. But do not think, because they are juveniles being initiated into night prowling and Gilbert and Sullivan on the stage, that the young people are uninitiated so far as the operas are concerned. Everyone in the house seems to be in the know. Everyone comes with the score and most of the lyrics already mastered. Victrola records, school productions, or amateur performances have seen to this. Everyone knows he will have a good time, and proceeds to have it, scene by scene, song by song, dance by dance. All this makes the audience ageless, and for once wipes out the barriers between the generations. Pleasure, sheer pleasure, is the evening's cement. A potent unifier it proves to be.

To be sure, the older people are habitués. As such, they cannot help knowing a little more, or avoid being over-eager to have their young enjoy themselves. The moment the house-lights dim and Isidore Godfrey's carrot-topped head emerges from the orchestra pit, the elders begin shushing. And nodding their heads in time to the music. And nudging one another, or poking the children to whisper, somewhat un-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 721)

WILLIAM S. GILBERT:
RUDDIGORE

As a poet I'm tender and quaint—
I've passion and fervor and grace—
From Ovid and Horace
To Swinburne and Morris
They all of them take a back place.
Though none are accomplished as I,
To say so were treason:
. . . . . .
I'm diffident, modest, and shy.

ROBERT WHITEHEAD & OLIVER REA present
Two Dramatic Smash Hits
Magnificent! Overwhelming!—Kronenberger, PM
JUDITH ANDERSON • DENNIS KING • FLORENCE REED
in "MEDEA"
Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS
Staged by JOHN GIELGUD
ROYALE, W. 45 St. Matinees Wed. & Sat.
"Dramatic! Tumultuous!"—Watts, Post
JOHN GIELGUD in CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
Dramatized by RODNEY ACKLAND
with LILLIAN GISH
VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF • ALICE JOHN
SANFORD MEISNER • E. A. KRUMSCHMIDT
and DOLLY HAAS
Directed by THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
Associate Producer, BEA LAWRENCE
NATIONAL, West 41 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Broadway's 3 Biggest Hits!
JOHN LOVES MARY
The Gay New Comedy Success
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
HELEN HAYES
In the New Comedy Hit
"Happy Birthday"
PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
ETHEL MERMAN
In the Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with RAY MIDDLETON
IMPERIAL, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN" Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS
in
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY
Man and Superman
ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. • CI 5-5226
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

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SCREEN

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Rockefeller Center

"Right out of the top drawer!"
—Polswick, Journal American

Gregory PECK • Ann TODD
Charles LAUGHTON • Charles COBURN
Ethel BARRYMORE
Louis JOURDAN and VALLI

in David O. Selznick's production of Alfred Hitchcock's
"THE PARADINE CASE"

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"CURTAIN CALL"—Glittering, melodious revue, produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . . featuring the Corps de Ballet, Rockettes, Glee Club, Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Alexander Smallens.

WHAT AN IDEA FOR A PICTURE!
"A very funny picture!"—Sun

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
CARY GRANT · LORETTA YOUNG
DAVID NIVEN
in
The Bishop's Wife
with MONTY WOOLLEY
NOW!
ASTOR
B'way & 45th St.

STAGE

"A SUPERB DRAMA"
—Atkinson, Times
IRENE M SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

necessarily, "That's it—there!" When once the curtain is up, if you steal a glance around, you are apt to find that the lips of many of these same older people—yes, and the lips of the young, too—are moving. They are busy forming the words the singers must sing. Were any of the principals to forget their lines, they would be prompted not by one man but by an outraged chorus.

Audiences at the D'Oyly Carte have every reason to be happy. Mistinguette's legs may have been admired for a longer time than Martyn Green's. Yet, when it comes to legwork, Mr. Green is one of the world's most delectable performers. As Ko-Ko, he hams without conscience. He ogles and mugs and stoops to any bit of clowning for a laugh. He may not chew up the scenery, but he does crawl up it. Even so, forgiveness for his excesses lies in the incredible dexterity of his capering, in his wonderful proficiency at patter songs, in his superior sense of style, and his own high spirits. It is easy to deplore his tricks but hard not to cherish him.

Then there are the other principals. There is Margaret Mitchell (not from Atlanta), who is a most agreeable Yum-Yum. And Thomas Round, who sings Nanki-Poo with charming ease. And Richard Watson, whose Pooh-Bah is properly sizable and haughty. All the newcomers in the cast seem like old-timers, which is just as it should be. Then, of course, there is Darrell Fancourt, whose Mikado continues to be a triumphant creation. His Emperor of Japan so glories in gore that before him even General MacArthur might tremble. With pleasure, mind you; not with terror. There are the choruses, too, and they are admirably trained. They are integral parts of the whole joyous ritual. Whether their members are new recruits or veterans, all of them have mastered their traditional "business" as if life for them admitted no other.

SUCH a once timely opera as Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock" may seem, when revived, to have stood still (as I confessed here last week) during this tragic decade when the outside world has been rocked. Yet such is the magic of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas that in their presence the world stands still. What is old-fashioned in them does not become new-fashioned. It remains timeless.

Not all the evidence in our newspapers, not all the apprehensions tugging at our minds, not the gloomiest exhalations of the happiest prophets of disaster can persuade us that everything has changed, that nothing is as it was, so long as the D'Oyly Carte Company is around, performing as it does and assembling such audiences as turn out only for Gilbert and Sullivan.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Dog in the House

By John Holmes

RORY the dog lies red-brown and stretched flat on the world,
Dead-dog and long as a child there, making noises in her sleep.
Good to be bone-tired dog, river-wet, so asleep uncurled
That the day's gorge and running and fighting is hers to keep
To be dog about, and sprawl another way for her ribs, and sigh.

She dreams, I hope, of Rory O'Mory, the reddest fox in Ireland.
Her feet move. She is remembering the downs of the bare land
Where her great-great-grandbitch felt the green wind at her thigh
That ruffled her hind-leg hair as young Rory's is ruffled now.
She whimpers and breathes hard. It must be a good dog dream.

Smoothed and small as her skull is, her long ears flung anyhow,
It stirs with crazy chasing, and bone-smells, and moon-gleam.

Sitters in chairs, who wear books on our hands, and shoes
On our feet, who never simply lie down flat on the floor,
We, too, turn often and make noises in sleep as a dog does,
Though we are Tall in power, and give Food, and Open the door.

The Irish setter is all shoulders and big paws and wet eyes,
And jumps up on everybody, asking in good dog, as she can,
It's all right, it's all right, isn't it, according to plan?
She dreams about it. Dreaming awake more than can be said,
I wake her to be with me. I try out of my dream as she tries,
Tries, to know what my slow hands say, shaping her head.

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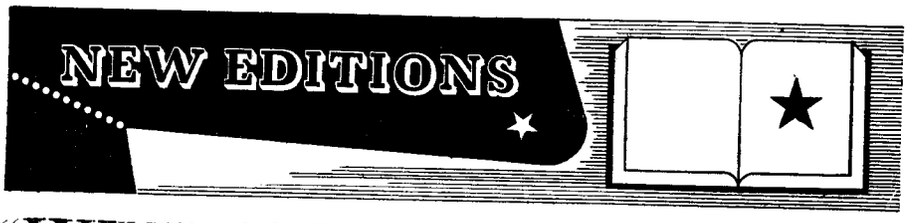

"WILSON and the Peacemakers" (Macmillan, $6), by Thomas A. Bailey is the work of a professional historian who knows how to write for non-professional readers without in the least lowering his high standards of scholarship. This combination new edition, consisting of "Woodrow Wilson and the Lost Peace" (1944) and "Woodrow Wilson and the Great Betrayal" (1945), is by far the best single study that I know of Wilson's part in the making of the Versailles Treaty and his failure to force that treaty on the Senate of the United States. No account of the problems by which Wilson was simultaneously and successively confronted, and his ways of meeting them, could be more lucid. But Mr. Bailey is not merely lucid: he has a dramatic sense, which he employs legitimately to make his narrative increasingly exciting as it runs its well-known course. The drama is that of a mighty protagonist, placed on one of history's pinnacles, who goes down to defeat not so much because of circumstances as because of his nature.

Mr. Bailey writes "in complete sympathy with Wilson's broad program and with his vision for the future," and at the same time with an unclouded view of the "tactlessness and stubbornness," the uncompromising egotism, and the consequent errors of procedure, which were responsible for a "colossal failure." He is no less clearsighted in his appraisal of the conditions in which the peacemakers' work was done. The cards were stacked against success. National leaders, trying to win the peace, found themselves hampered by patriotic passions which they had whipped up in order to win the war; and they also found themselves engaged in a race against spreading anarchy and encroaching Bolshevism. Wilson's ideas and ideals were nearly as alien to those of his European colleagues as are Marshall's beliefs and aims to Molotov's. It is easy to censure the men of Versailles today, and they are justly censurable on many counts. But, as Mr. Bailey insists, they cannot be condemned for having failed to foresee what was unforseeable in their time; and our present blundering should incline us to humility and soul-searching when we read a record of past failure in the art of making peace.

Karl Geringer's "Brahms: His Life and Work" (Oxford, $5) is for readers who are seriously interested in music in general and Brahms in particular. Its style is not sprightly, nor are its virtues of the popular kind; but they are solid, for I am assured by authorities that this biography is the best in the field. First published in Germany in 1934, and here in 1936, the original edition was based largely on freshly released material, supplied by more than a thousand letters held in the archives of the Viennese Society of Friends of Music. Additional letters, many here published for the first time in English, have been drawn upon for this revised edition; and from his whole mass of revelatory material the biographer has pieced together the story of a man whose life was a "conflict between bourgeois respectability and genius," while his art was a successful reconciliation of "the apparently irreconcilable."

In "Monday Night" (New Directions, $1.50) Kay Boyle weaves a narrative spell of hypnotic power. She grips the fascinated reader with a hold that makes the Ancient Mariner's grasp of the wedding guest seem slack in comparison. With Wilt Tobin, an alcoholic of heroic capacity, and Bernie, Wilt's bewildered pawn, we follow the trail of an obsession through a shadow world in which the shadows, scenes, and characters, possess an uncanny reality and a weird vitality. "Monday Night" is a brilliant feat of skill, in which Miss Boyle's talents find concentrated, compelling expression.

C. S. Forester's "Lord Hornblower" (Grosset, $1), the last of the Hornblower series, and once a Literary Guild choice, tells how its hero, condemned to death by a French military court, was saved by the defeat of his old enemy Napoleon, "at a place called Waterloo." . . . Back in 1900 a young American author amused himself by writing, with lace on his wrists, a tale of Bath, in which royalty impersonated common clay. The author was Booth Tarkington, the story "Monsieur Beaucaire" (Grosset, $1). . . . Leonard Frank's moving novel, "Carl and Anna," translated in 1930 by Cyrus Brooks, is now a Triangle Book (59¢), entitled "Desire Me." . . . And "Keep It Crisp," by *The New Yorker*'s revered S. J. Perelman, is offered as a Star Dollar Book (Garden City). BEN RAY REDMAN.

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THE RIGHTS OF MAN (Paine)
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THE RETURN OF HENRY JAMES

(*Continued from page* 10)

but laborious snapper-up of unconsidered trifles or, as H. G. Wells described him, an elephant sorting peas with his trunk. And that was good enough as a description until it became evident to careful readers that H. J.'s peas were moral values which had been omitted from the inventories of the novelists of the period. It was an omission which, as Henry had said himself, began with Zola. The James family, as Mr. Matthiessen has excellently set forth, were all concerned with the moral order which life could be made to assume, and which, if it did assume, made what happened interesting and significant beyond the mere statistics of science. With Henry James, Senior, this possible moral order functioned through societies. The individual consciousness he regarded as a gross and selfish ego interfering with the purposes of God. With William James, far more a man of this world, and deeply aware of science, the question of what was morally worth while was to be studied in its results—if it was pragmatically sound it was worth an adult mind's careful study. He did not say that the universe was moral—he said that among mankind the interesting results were moral in the sense that they were not anarchic, not mere slices of life, but a concerted movement in life itself. Henry James was all artist. He violently disagreed with his father in the values put upon living. For him, the exploring of the individual's consciousness was the most interesting and most revealing occupation in the world. All his novels do just that. He admired his brother's conscientious attempt to tell men why and how they should live; but was not deeply interested. Indeed it was rather late in life that he discovered with surprise that he had always been a pragmatist. But never for one instant from the beginning did H. J. doubt that what made a man or woman an interesting and worthy of painful analysis (a word always on his lips) was a reaction to, usually a struggle with, some moral problem. And by moral problem he never meant merely such secondary manifestations as sexual irregularities. These have usurped in our "realistic" novels the name of morality and supply the sauce for what in many instances is only an able case history of very ordinary lives. With James the whole man morally is involved. It will be a question of conflicting loyalties to his mores, to his affections, to his supposed duties, as in "The Ambassadors"; and only when the totality of the situation is realized, and a solution become inevitable, is the story worth telling. Or, as in "The Spoils of Poynton," it will be a passion for things, sterilizing emotions, and destroying lives. This, of course, is not the only way to conceive a novel, but it is a way which the "realists" have got too far away from in their desire to let the imagination spotlight behavior without too much concern for what it means. James, as Mr. Matthiessen justly says, is the spiritual, the moral descendant of Hawthorne in our American tradition. Both men felt that only a moral significance made men interesting; both writers knew that it took consummate literary skill to make this into a novel; both men had the skill. That Hawthorne was often stuffy, and James long-winded, I do not deny. But H. J. seemed to feel that only by carrying analysis to the last manifestation could he make clear what he meant to readers accustomed only to the rich and unanalyzed personalities of the great Victorians, or to the statistical reality of the new school.

All this is piping against the wind unless James is not only interested in situations which seem trivial but prove to be dense and rich, but also interesting in what he did with them. No major writer has ever handicapped himself more in this respect. A back injury in youth followed by long illnesses kept him out of the rough and tumble. His own delicate tastes as much as the small income which kept him independent of profits made him not as other men. He was that unusual being, an intellectual who never compromised yet never was snobbish, because being so was as natural as breathing. This led him, of course, to take the easiest way in his choice of subjects. He had to have articulate people, people allusive in mind, subtle (even the dumb ones) in spirit, able to concentrate upon a moral situation because their wealth and social position and intellectual quality kept them generally from being bothered with any other. Also he preferred women because they were emotionally more expressive, and liked him. Thus the society he studied was exotic, sophisticated, luxurious, and feminized though not effeminate. This Jamesian society was too limited to

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
YOUR SHOT, DARLING *Lillian Bergquist & Irving Moore* (Morrow: $2.50)	Bride of Calif. amusement-park prop. almost pays penalty for lover's murder — but "gun-crank" husband explodes strange case.	Gun stuff interesting, people hard-boiled lot, including hero; no punches pulled in narrating—and finish is real hair-raiser.	Dead-center toughie
NIGHT CRY *William L. Stuart* (Dial: $2.50)	Ace N. Y. detective gets too tough with murder suspect, covers up brilliantly and sees net close 'round pair he knows innocent.	Cold-bloodedly effective character study of ruthless man-hunter, told in economical, hard-hitting words, and boiling with action.	Grim and Good
MURDER '97. *Frank Gruber* (Rinehart: $2)	Cryptic message in old Alger book arouses private detective Simon Lash from lethargy and plunges him into quadruple murder case.	Even without attractive Alger - book window dressing this would hold own as swift, laconic, and pungent family-hate murder yarn.	Agreeable
ALWAYS MURDER A FRIEND *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2)	Episcopal rector takes new Montana parish and pronto loses prominent parishioners by poison route. Dominie and sheriff share detecting honors.	Rector-sleuth extremely likable. Other characters persuasively drawn. Plot stands up well, tempo fast, and finish acceptably baffling.	Enjoyable
I KNEW MacBEAN *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2)	Sardonic remark by driver of hearse interests Finch of Scotland Yard and leads him into sticky mixture of murder and intrigue.	At one point in yarn Finch opines that case is "too complicated and over-elaborate," to which one says, "Amen."	Exasperating

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supply more than an admirable soufflé of life. There was little beef in it, wine, but no Bourbon whiskey. It shared too much of the refinement which was the vice of Victorian virtue. But what novelist save perhaps a great seer or so has not been limited by his environment? Jane Austen's bounds were far narrower. Her people were articulate only in the simplicities of life. The satirist and interpreter of morals can move freely in a garden or a village or a salon.

Henry James was never a popular writer in his lifetime, and never will be, chiefly because his characters, with a few exceptions, are essentially intellectuals, and intellectuals are never popular unless, like Hamlet, they are also cloak-and-dagger men. Yet some of his books are clearly designed for wide reading and seem as likely of survival as "Moby-Dick," the masterpiece of another generally unpopular American writer. But they are unlikely to go, like "Hamlet," among the undiscriminating. Except for some of the short stories and short novels, they require too much effort. They are not diffuse, but they are verbose in the exact sense of that term; they are too luxurious in words. H. J.'s books are like a man who walks, runs, hops, skips, teeters, diverges, and steps back and around in order to get every sensation of motion from his traverse. If you are to appreciate them at their worth, you must compare them with a condensed novel from *The Reader's Digest*, and note how much in addition to quantity of words has been lost in compression. Of course there is a happy mean in the use of words. But a rich and ingenious mind cannot always keep to happy means.

James's present revival is not even proof that he is going to be ranked as another Dickens or even another Trollope. At this moment one moving picture and an excellent play made from his books are being shown on Broadway. How his eyes would bulge if he knew it! For he did know that his novels were essentially dramatic, made from scene after scene, with the emphasis on dialogue, and he understood very well the technique of the well-made play, and wasted five years trying to succeed on the London stage. Probably the dialogue was too elusive for footlight speech; even more probably the technique of Sardou, which was alien to his mind, would not carry his situations. He would need a script writer, and a good one, if he were alive today, and even then only a little of James would get over to the audience, the strength, perhaps, but not the quality of the wine. What is already happening is that from these thirty-five consideration of its spokesmen, and more interest in the novelists who neglected volumes of his works, a few classics are ready to be tried and tested and seem likely to achieve permanence in literature. I have my own list ready, but do not feel confidence enough in it yet to set it down here. And a classic, with not very many exceptions, is a book that is well and continuously, rather than widely and eagerly, read.

Other questions may await their answers. For example, how American was Henry James has not yet been answered. As the general dispraise of the Anglo-Saxon nineteenth century begins to give place to a feeling that it was in many respects more satisfactory in quality and nobler in will than our own, there will be more saw in three dimensions the characters who best illustrated the time. Of these James belonged among the great. H. J. would have blushed and stammered if the term "spokesman" had been applied to him. "Not a spokesman, my dear fellow, but in his small but earnest way, so qualified and unscientific as it was, he may have earned, as his line of exit from the scene, the credit for drawing drowned consciousness from the depths of being, as Hotspur did honor." Even though artist more than interpreter, social historians will need him for any study of Western culture at its most confident moment. And it may be prophesied that his portraits will prove to have a psychological realism akin to the physical realism in the daguerreotypes of the same century.

THE STATURE OF

Thomas Mann

Edited by Charles Neider

Essays on many aspects of Mann's life and work by:
W. H. Auden, G. A. Borgese, Charles Jackson, Erika and Klaus Mann, Bruno Walter, Lewis Mumford, André Gide, Reinhold Niebuhr, Harry Levin, Kenneth Burke, Heinrich Mann, Joseph Warren Beach, Conrad Aiken, and others.

New Directions Books, 500 Fifth, New York City—$5

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THE FINE ARTS

IRON LUNGS FOR GENIUS

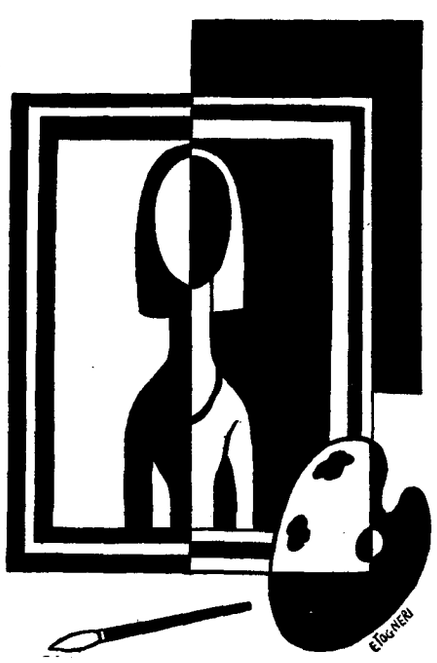
SINCE the beginning of art itself, painters have had to decide whether to credit their inner or their outer eye, whether to depict what they see or what they imagine. Usually they have struck an equation between the two, and within the extremes of, say, Bosch's fantasy and Courbet's realism are to be found most of the great images of Western civilization. In our own time, however, the field of choice has been extended drastically in the subjective direction, and today few deny the right of the artist, assuming him talented, to paint the landscape of his imagination as well as the tangible earth. Yet precisely because the question has been dramatized by so much exclusive discussion of "modern" art, we tend to forget how persistent the problem has been. It may be of interest, therefore, to consider the different procedures of two painters from our nineteenth-century past—Albert Pinkham Ryder, recently accorded a fine full-length exhibition at the Whitney Museum, and Frederick Edwin Church, neglected now, but once an extraordinarily successful and famous artist.

The two painters were born a generation apart, Church in Hartford in 1826, and Ryder at New Bedford in 1847. As a young man Church became a pupil of Thomas Cole, dean of the Hudson River School. He went to live with Cole at Catskill, and there absorbed the tremendous veneration for nature, as ultimate authority, that Cole's friend Asher B. Durand expressed in these words: "There is not . . . any charm that the most inventive imagination ever employed . . . that is not to be seen in Nature, more beautiful and more fitting than art has ever realized or ever can."

For a time Church shared Cole's belief that nature was nowhere more impressive than in America, especially along the Hudson River. But after a while the appeal of the Catskills wore thin for him, and he set out to record more exotic and remote territories. Like so many Romantics, he was fascinated by extremes of climate and terrain. He painted the Ecuadorian tropics, and he painted the icefields of the northern seas (where Mary Shelley's Frankenstein monster had sought final refuge). He scrambled to the peaks of the Andes, 14,000 feet above sea level, and he sailed the winter ocean. He must have believed profoundly that the artist's talents were sensitive not only to unspoiled subject matter, but to heat, cold, and altitude.

Church made a great deal of money from his art, and in later life he returned to the Catskills to build, around 1871, the large house, "Olana," in which his descendants still live. Henry Russell Hitchcock, a leading authority in these matters, describes the house as a late and eclectic version of the towered Italian villa. It was designed by Calvert Vaux, who created most of Central Park's appealing buildings, but "Olana's" fantastic Oriental details were probably worked out by Church himself. The villa has so many details of the kind that its effect is Moorish, and inside are cabinets full of Near Eastern costumes and trophies, collected on Church's travels. There is also a picture gallery hung mostly with late sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Italian works, many in bad repair. These paintings vary in quality from fair to exceptionally good, and provide in either case a valuable document of romantic taste in America.

The most memorable experience in visiting "Olana" is climbing its central tower, on gnarled stairways, through an attic as vast and strange as one of Piranesi's prisons, until one emerges on a small platform whose finials are Oriental teapots. From here the view extends for miles in all directions. The villa itself stands on a hilltop amidst a great wooded tract, now much overgrown, but revealing occasionally the plan of its landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmstead, who designed Central Park and was born, like Church, in Hartford. One ascends to the villa by a long, winding road, past a snake-infested lake, past vistas now fogged by underbrush, through groves of mammoth trees. The scale is enormous. It seems especially so if on the same day one visits, as I did, the house of Thomas Cole, not many miles away. For whereas Cole's house and garden are small and restrained, reflecting the eighteenth century in their village refinement, the Church estate testifies to the exuberance which came in with the later generation of American landscapists.



THE CHURCH villa and its setting must be considered together, since one of the house's principal distinctions is that it has numerous huge picture windows framing the various views. From any one of these windows Church could paint the kind of panoramic landscape for which he was once so famous. Nature was his pulmotor, and with her help he created a voluminous, intricately detailed imagery devoted to her splendors. He breathed too deeply, of course, and only in some of his more casual paintings does he appeal to a modern taste which gives high marks—perhaps too high—to sensitivity as opposed to philosophical content. Nevertheless, Church remains an interesting figure, and it is to be hoped that "Olana" will one day be preserved as a public park, with the likely consent of Church's devoted and gracious family. Nowhere else that I know of is there so grand and complete a monument to later American romanticism in the fine arts. Nowhere else, amid our nineteenth-century architectural remains, do the American painter and nature stand so aggressively together.

Albert Pinkham Ryder, on the other hand, was a relative stranger to nature during his adult life, at least to wild, expansive nature as Church understood it. He traveled only to settled Europe, which seems to have impressed him hardly at all. While Church was a born collector and a connoisseur of past art, Ryder was moved only by the paintings of Corot and of his own contemporary Matthew Maris, and drew little nourishment from pictorial traditions. He owned no important pictures except those he himself created, and, whereas Church was entranced with foreign life and scenery, Ryder wrote of one of his finest pictures: "I have every faith that my 'Forest of Arden' will be fully as beautiful as any preceding

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work of mine; Bronx Park has helped me wonderfully. . . ."

Ryder lived during his active career in New York City, in rooms as cluttered and dingy as those in the house of the late Collyer brothers. He crossed the Atlantic twice just for the sea trip, he loved the Jersey ferry, he knew New York's parks by heart, he "soaked in the moonlight" on solitary rambles through the city. But for the most part nature appeared to him full force only in her skies. "Beyond the low roof tops of neighboring houses," he said, "sweeps the eternal firmament with its ever-changing panorama of mystery and beauty." He read and wrote poetry, he grew more and more eccentric, and he lived a life of inner reverie, working at his pictures for years on end. His imagination was abnormally intense and self-sufficient. If he needed nature at all, he needed her only as a reminder.

A reminder of what? A reminder, I think, of his childhood in New Bedford, then a great whaling port whose seas and skies were of the utmost concern to the town. Lloyd Goodrich, in his excellent foreword to the Whitney show, points out that childhood memories played a constant role in Ryder's art. What remains to be said is that Ryder must have been the first major American painter of whom this was true, the first whose Muse was often himself as a small boy. Modern artists have admired him for this, quite naturally, since childhood experience has been a central feeding ground for contemporary art as a whole. And it is not only Ryder's habitual subject matter — the three elementals of land, sea, and sky— that refers back to his youth. Even his scenes from Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Poe show a primary aggrandizement of symbolic forms that is child-

like in freshness, though much of his era's art is old and miserly. If we compare him to his peers Homer and Eakins, so manly in the literal sense, in practical authority so typical of the nineteenth-century grown male, we find a sharp difference of spirit. Ryder was not weaker than they, but he was younger in vision.

To the pioneers of twentieth-century American painting, Ryder had another recommendation: he was one of our few masters of abstract design. The most extreme of these men deplored his mystic sentiment, while revering his sense of convoluted balance. A few of them, notably the late Marsden Hartley, understood and applauded both qualities in Ryder's work. I should think both qualities would seem pertinent now to those young American painters—William Baziotes, Theodore Stamos, and others—who are evolving a new kind of romantic naturalism, a half-dreamed interpretation of organic forms, in which the expressive lessons of modern abstraction are put to important use. It may be that Church's almost total reliance on external stimulus will one day again become meaningful to American artists. For today's painters, however, the earlier nineteenth-century conception of nature as "more beautiful and fitting than art" is hollow and useless. Our young artists are much more likely to listen to Ryder, who wrote of one of his early works:

> As I worked I saw that it was good and clean and strong. I saw nature springing into life upon my dead canvas. It was better than nature, for it was vibrating with the thrill of a new creation. Exultantly I painted until the sun sank below the horizon, then I raced around the fields like a colt let loose, and literally bellowed for joy.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Patrimony

By Louis Kent

MY FATHER'S and his father's son,
I am one son, and more and less:
I am of two and make not one.
My father gave his length of face,
He brought his father's breadth of head,
But of that blue transmuting gaze
They used for elementing lead
To motes of gold, the blue is all
Their son's eyes have inherited.
Where shall the patrimony fall
From me, the last inheritor,
Who waste their gift, a prodigal
Of mine and of his father's store?
I look at gold and leave but dross
And am of none progenitor.

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In his restlessness he finds Márgara, the daughter of a local photographer, and his hungry need for life makes him see her as a woman of mystery. To him she becomes the enchantress, the Xtabay of Maya Legend; when he thinks of her it is in terms of Mexican poetry he has read through the years. The Xtabay never materializes for the reader and these moments are further overladen when the author asks her readers questions: "Was he in love with her?," "And even if it were not too late what could he say?," "Would she be destroyed and he left to mourn her in the closed room of his memory?"

The stories woven around this central theme are less high flown and more realistic. Domingo's family, as they move about in the limiting confines of their environment, as they succeed in achieving their ends, holds the makings of a livelier, more full-blooded story than the one the author has chosen to tell. Uncle Agapito, the striving banker who governs the family and whose say is final; Serafina, the servant girl who accepts the child as docilely as she accepts the love that brought it to her; Mateo, the chauffeur with the yen to sell real estate—all are convincing creatures who are out of step with the novel's central theme.

Time and again this book suggests that this is a novel that might have been written in Spanish for a Spanish-speaking audience. Josephina (and why is it not Josefina?) Niggli's prose has the same sweep as Spanish prose; her sentences have an echo of Spanish construction. When she takes her readers to Don Primitivo's to drink beer and to talk and sing, she does not treat them as foreigners entering the closed circle. She translates for them the conversations of habitués, prepares special dishes for them, teaches them the words of songs that are being sung. Skilfully, she opens door after door for them without assuming the role of the over-anxious writer who is explaining the ways of an alien people.

It is only when the reader must follow Domingo's vagaries, when Márgara, the lady of the shadows, moves across a room to disappear behind a curtain, that one regrets that a writer who commands the gift of painting a picture as vivid and as real as her descriptions of Monterrey should build her novel on this kind of romanticism.

Betty de Sherbinin is the author of "By Bread Alone," "The Challenged Land," and "The River Plate Republics."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 240

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 240 will be found in the next issue.

QRE RXVMRYVDRKY

FAEAXIUAZ DQA NRYME KL

VY KEDFRWQ. RD AYVIUAZ

QRX DK FCY, DQKCMQ YKD

DK EKVF.—DQKXVE

XVWVCUVH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 239

He who praises everybody praises nobody.

S. JOHNSON.

Halved Home

TRANSFER POINT. By Kathryn Forbes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 195 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

KATHRYN FORBES is one of those rare adults who remembers how it feels to be a child. To this new story, "Transfer Point," an account of three years in the life of a little girl, she brings the same gaiety and tenderness which characterized her "Mama's Bank Account" (which on stage and screen was to become "I Remember Mama").

When we first see her Allie Barton is ten years old; she is desperately struggling to learn to live in a world which has been broken apart for her by the separation of her parents. Mother and "Aunt" Lottie keep a boarding house in San Francisco, and Allie's life is made up of skirmishes with the boarders, infrequent weekends with her father, clashes with authority, ingenious lies (they usually don't work out very well), efforts to find a best friend, which for some reason always seem doomed to failure, retreats into a dream world where her parents are reunited and she herself is a heroine.

When the story ends, in 1921, Allie has grown up, although she does not fully realize it. She has learned that she can be practical like her mother and still be "Harry Barton's girl" too, a composite of the two people whom she has loved so much, but without treachery to either of them.

Allie's world is that confused, unpredictable one in which most children live, where parents are inconsistent, annoyed at the most unexpected times, inexplicably your champion at others, where desperate resolves "to be good" often end in the most frightful debacles.

Hilariously funny at times, the story has its heart-breaking moments. Kathryn Forbes handles Allie without sentimentality, understanding the mercurial changes from tragedy to comedy, from stubborn guiltiness to dramatic excitement, which grown-ups find so hard to comprehend. She understands, too, that mothers can love and at the same time woefully neglect their children. But Allie, from first to last, is one of the unvanquished. Life is never going to be easy for her; she will see to that herself. Delicately, poignantly, Miss Forbes indicates the inherent strength which sustains the child as it will the woman.

"Transfer Point" is, first of all, a thoroughly entertaining book. But it is particularly recommended to all parents. It is just possible that from sensitive fiction like this we can learn as much about that strange world inhabited by our children as from many weightier studies.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Now: Somerset Maugham. 2. Sons: Turgenev. 3. Lovers: Helen MacInnes. 4. Punishment: Dostoievsky. 5. Ale: Somerset Maugham. 6. I: George W. Curtis. 7. Prejudice: Jane Austen. 8. Peace: Tolstoy. 9. Pantagruel: Rabelais. 10. Virginia: Bernardin de St. Pierre. 11. Lovers: D. H. Lawrence. 12. Sensibility: Jane Austen. 13. Heaven, Too: Rachel Field. 14. the Black: Stendhal. 15. the Hearth: Charles Reade. 16. Profane Love: Arnold Bennett. 17. Saturday Night: Robert Tallant. 18. Evil: Nietzsche. 19. the King of Siam: Margaret Landon. 20. Fall of the Roman Empire: Gibbon. 21. Long Ago: W. H. Hudson. 22. Evil: Charles Addams. 23. I: Betty MacDonald. 24. Pains: S. J. Perelman. 25. Influence People: Dale Carnegie.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
SCHUBERT, UNFINISHED SYMPHONY. Philadelphia Orch. Bruno Walter. Columbia MM 699 (3) *Comparison*: (SAME.) Vienna Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. Victor G-9 (3) (*Mostly unavailable*)	Surprising comparison: the old Victor bargain-special (black label) G-9 is most satisfactory. Has fine, big resonance that suits Schubert; excellent detail, wide-range illusion (highs boosted), adequate level. Columbia's less resonant technique not so suited to Schubert; soft passages lost in "mud."	A— A—	Musically, either Walter version is good bet. Koussevitzky's recordings (2) are somewhat mannered, less truly Viennese. (But don't discard them! Differences in various Unfinisheds are not as important as all that.) G-9 occasionally still to be found in a few shops.
RESPIGHI, ROMAN FESTIVALS (1929). Philadelphia Orch. Ormandy. Columbia MM 707 (3)	Like a number of Phila. recordings, this is wide-range but somehow acoustically pinched, narrow. Turnover point seems low, European-style. (Lots of bass.)	A to B+	1929 sequel to familiar Fountains (1916) and Pines (1924) of Rome. Plenty lush, but also highly dissonant—influence of the brassy 20's. A colorful but musically unhappy mixture, I'd say.
STRAVINSKY, VIOLIN CONCERTO (1931). Samuel Dushkin; Lamoureux Orch. Stravinsky. Vox 173 (3) (*Polydor reissue*)	Not bad recording technically, though limited in range. Acoustics very dead—sounds like small, stuffy room—yet not unsuited to this type of music.	B+	An important reissue of one of numerous Stravinsky-conducted collector's items, long out of print. A chamber-style concerto, easy-going, good humored, dry, for those who know the style. Tough on beginners.
BRAHMS, FANTASIEN, OPUS 116. (Intermezzos, Capriccios.) Leonard Shure, pianist. Vox 178 (4 10")	One of Vox's best piano recordings, on par with best the big companies do. But surface noise interferes in the softer passages.	A to B+	Shure is temperamentally suited to this serious German music as few of our brilliant virtuosi are. I find his playing honest, expressive, highly enjoyable.

NERVE SAVERS

MOST albums today are sold in automatic sequence. A constant annoyance is the minor problem of getting the records onto the changer in the right order and back into the album, especially in the case of the new monumental albums, some of which have fancy two-volume numbering sequences. One great nerve-saver, in this case, is simple enough. Go through each album with a pen and mark clearly in the upper right corner of each envelope the two numbers of the record sides included, the lower number first.

If you will insert automatic-sequence records back-side-foremost in their envelopes (with the higher number facing you on the right instead of the lower) you may slide the records out of the album as they are, ready to place on the machine.

Plastic records fray nerves in two minor ways; static electricity makes them powerful dust attracters, and, thanks to their light weight, they often slip on each other in a changer with disastrous effects upon the pitch. Don't play dusty plastic records and don't try to dust them dry—the added electricity merely catches more dust. Instead, use a damp (not wet) cloth. Be sure no water is left to damage the pickup. As for records that slip, a simple remedy is a piece of friction (tire) tape an inch or so long applied to one side of each record at the outer edge of the label. Don't cover any grooves. In bad cases use two pieces.

It is a temptation to toss plastic albums about, knowing their unbreakableness. But before you become too habitually cavalier with them, devise a large and very plain mark—a large P, for instance—to identify immediately all plastic albums. Otherwise, inevitably, you will toss an album on the floor, and find that it was shellac after all.

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POETRY WORKSHOP

To Leonora Speyer

THE MUSE sat at the desk and called the roll:
Young Shelley entered, answering to his name.
Dusk fell, the pigeons' hum, the flag from pole;
Then students peering in, as music came,—
Your reading of the verse the class had brought.
The poet heart lies naked as a tear,
And feels the bruise that olden hurt begot.
One facet of your gift was crystal clear:
You called a pale young woman to your side;
Cupping her face within a friendly hand,
"Where have you been? I've missed your songs," you cried.
I saw that all youth's soul you understand,
Pouring into their hearts all you have found,—
Beauty and steadfastness from holy ground.

EMILY HANSON OBEAR.

* * *

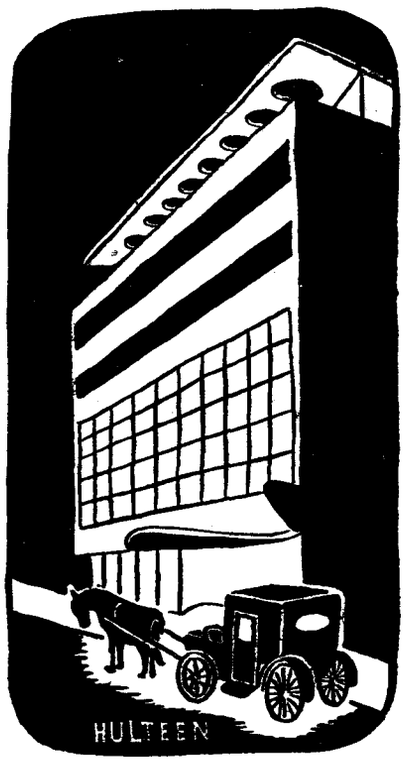
Today is a day when a great many people know what is wrong with the world and are determined that other people shall adopt their remedy. One great power, Soviet Russia, is absolutely sure she is always right—I am not referring to the people of that whole enormous area who are of many diverse kinds and doubtless among them are some of the finest people in the world—I am referring today to what is called an "ideology," which already has a strong smell of blood and iron upon it. We are also sure, in the United States, that all men should adopt our kind of democracy, which, we often forget, involves a real cancer called monopoly capitalism. Henry Wallace, a good man who is seriously concerned about the world, is sure that by saying, "Peace! Peace!," and by means of a seven-point program which oversimplifies and leaves out a great deal, he will eventually cure what is wrong with the world. Meanwhile the Arabs hate the Jews, the Jews hate the Arabs, the Moslems hate the Hindus, the Hindus hate the Moslems, the Balkan Communists hate the moderate Greeks, the corrupt Greek government hates the Communists, the Soviet Union hates the Marshall Plan, and many of our Congressmen hate the Soviet Union. The whole world is in turmoil. Yes, I forgot China; fill that in for yourself!

Personally *I* hate the kind of mind that desires to impose a rigid discipline of thought—according to its own ideas of what is right and what is wrong—upon the rest of the world. I hate the bigot. On the other hand I hate the ignorance, obstinacy, and folly of mankind that always opposes any progress. I happen to be of a neat turn of mind. The other day I opened a fairly old book to this:

> If no one drank any beer, if all were self-respecting, if all wore badges with a "world and an arrow," if everyone went to chapel, then would they force me to mend my railing with iron nails and barbed wire? If George V were not king, if the people ruled, if these lovers of iron railings and brick walls had the power, there would be no life for me or any lover of string upon the earth. I wonder whether if in America a disciple of the god Pan is allowed to mend his garden railings with string, or is he badgered to use nails? One day it will happen that everyone will be forced to live exactly as his dullest neighbor wishes him to, and we shall be compelled to eat meat every day and to earn the money to pay for it. An iron-hearted world it is indeed, and in some places even the daisies are made of nail heads, so new that they shine quite like real daisies. I pray that I may always be allowed to keep my blood cool by watching the cows and by moving brown earth under the sun. Must everyone here on earth be either ordering or obeying, stealing or giving, blessing or cursing?

That is my text for today. It is from "The Soliloquy of a Hermit," by Theodore Francis Powys, published in America back in 1916. It is a peculiar, and even—from the utilitarian point of view—a crazy book. But it is a relief, after reading David Dallin's "Forced Labor in Soviet Russia," and of all the horrors of a dictatorial system imposed upon men, where the choice of the individual is nothing worth. Oh, I have read of the great "achievements," too! The pyramids are a "great achievement." The blood and sweat of slaves are their mortar, and they have stood for centuries.

To return to the iron nails and the string. Although I personally find it distasteful to mend things with string, I would not lift a finger to prevent one who found it delightful from doing so. But the temper of the time is that that person would immediately be reprimanded at least.



George V is no longer King. In England the great god Pan is getting out badly needed coal; the people rule, and so do the lovers of iron railings. (T. F. Powys, by the way, is still alive!) A poet, by the very nature of the animal, does not love iron railings. When all the world is iron railings, and the common man is king, let us hope that everybody will be a bit happier; to make up for all the loss in originality and differentiation. I know that this is heresy. And let no serious-minded young person think that I am trying to run down the Labor Government in England. But if I am not already called a fascist, I shall be called a troglodyte, or at very least a milk-and-water liberal. By one side. The other side has already called me a Communist, a crackpot, and so on. Some day one ought to get up a handy guide to "The Epithet for All Occasions." *The Daily Worker* is a rich source for material, and the *Congressional Record.* The Gerald L. K. Smiths and Father Coughlins and Rankins and Bilboes, *Izvestia* and *Pravda,* Vishynsky and Molotoff—oh, there is a vast hunting-ground! Meanwhile, if I cannot cool my blood by watching cows, I will watch snow-ploughs, or an inland gull or two such as we often see from our big apartment window, drifting over lower Manhattan. I am an apartment hermit. People run violently about, cursing each other, and shouting for causes. "Come out fighting!" is the cry of the great Apostle of Peace. Meanwhile, on the sly, quite out of the running, someone is mending a fence with string. It isn't a political fence, either! WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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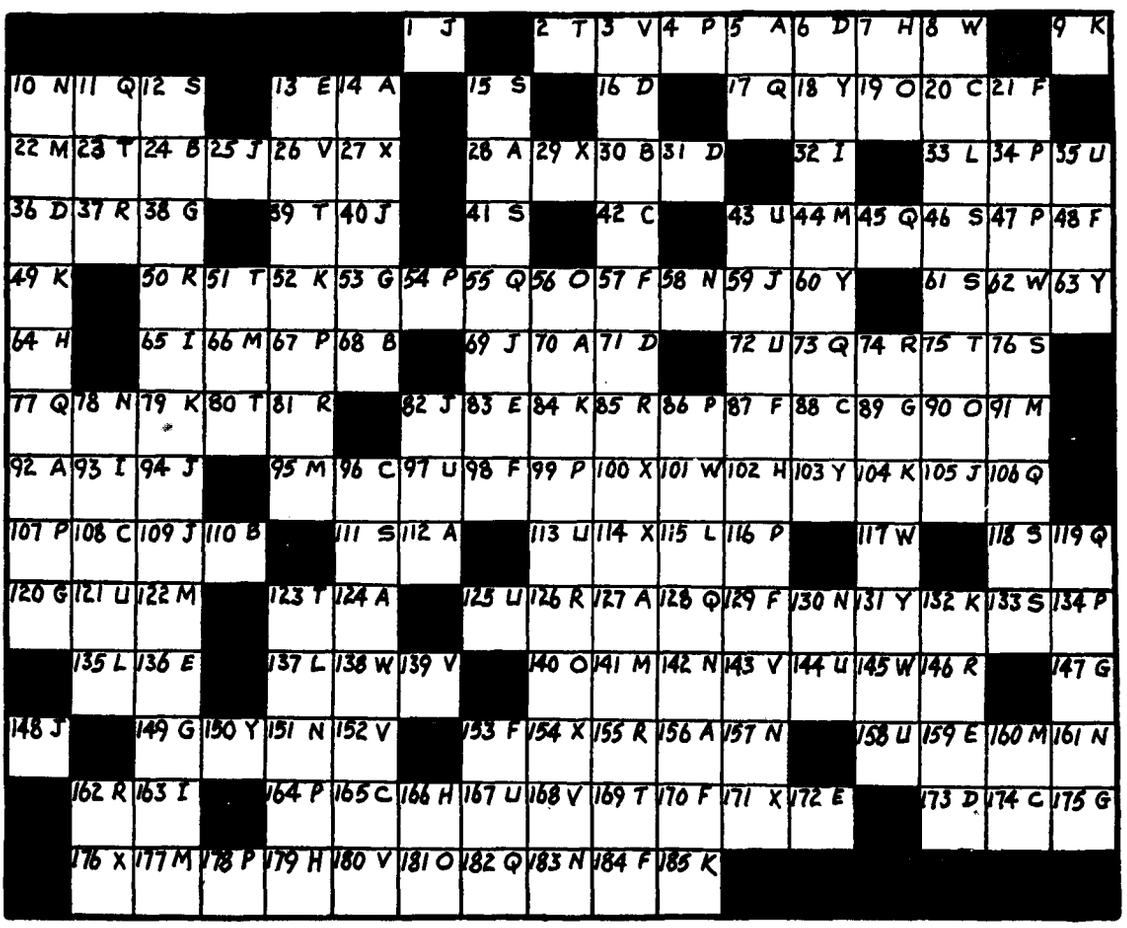
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An aromatized, strained wine popular in the Middle Ages in Europe.	28 70 5 127 124 156 14 92 112
B. An exclamation expressing exhilaration; the cry of bacchanals.	110 30 24 68
C. Town in Arizona opposite one of the same name in Mexico.	174 96 20 108 88 165 42
D. A circular ornament enclosing a richly sculptured rosette (Arch.; Fr.).	36 6 71 173 16 31
E. Country in Arabia whose capital is San'a.	172 83 13 159 136
F. Mere apprehension of an object without active attention to it.	87 153 170 48 21 57 129 98 184
G. To expire fighting (2 wds.).	175 89 38 120 147 149 53
H. Collectively, a class of Mennonites (Eccl. Hist.).	102 166 179 7 64
I. Small, handsome, guenon monkey of West Africa.	65 163 93 32
J. Finnish statesman, President 1931-37.	148 109 1 40 69 25 82 105 59 94
K. State of being fearful.	9 132 185 79 84 104 52 49
L. Auricular.	115 137 135 33
M. Specific mention in orders or dispatches (Mil.; Pl.).	95 44 91 177 122 66 141 160 22
N. Sixteenth-century English author of "Chronicles" used as a source book by Shakespeare.	157 58 142 183 151 130 10 78 161
O. A class of substances that redden litmus.	181 140 56 19 90
P. State flower of both W. Virginia and Washington.	54 107 4 164 34 178 99 134 116 86 47 67
Q. Body of principles of those favoring greater freedom in politics and religion.	182 73 77 106 128 11 17 119 45 55
R. Science of interpretation, esp. of the Scriptures.	85 126 74 81 146 162 155 50 37
S. American operatic and radio mezzo-soprano (1904-).	76 61 111 118 46 15 133 41 12
T. First governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony and writer of a "Journal" extant.	75 39 80 123 23 169 51 2
U. Notwithstanding that (2 wds.).	125 72 144 97 158 43 167 35 113 121
V. French soldier, victor over Toussaint L'Ouverture, 1802.	143 139 168 26 152 3 180
W. Name of House constituting the Irish Foreign office, St. Stephens St.	62 101 8 117 145 138
X. Name of "House" in Concord used by the Alcott family, now a shrine.	114 176 171 154 29 100 27
Y. French painter, engraver, enameler (1836-1902).	103 150 60 131 18 63

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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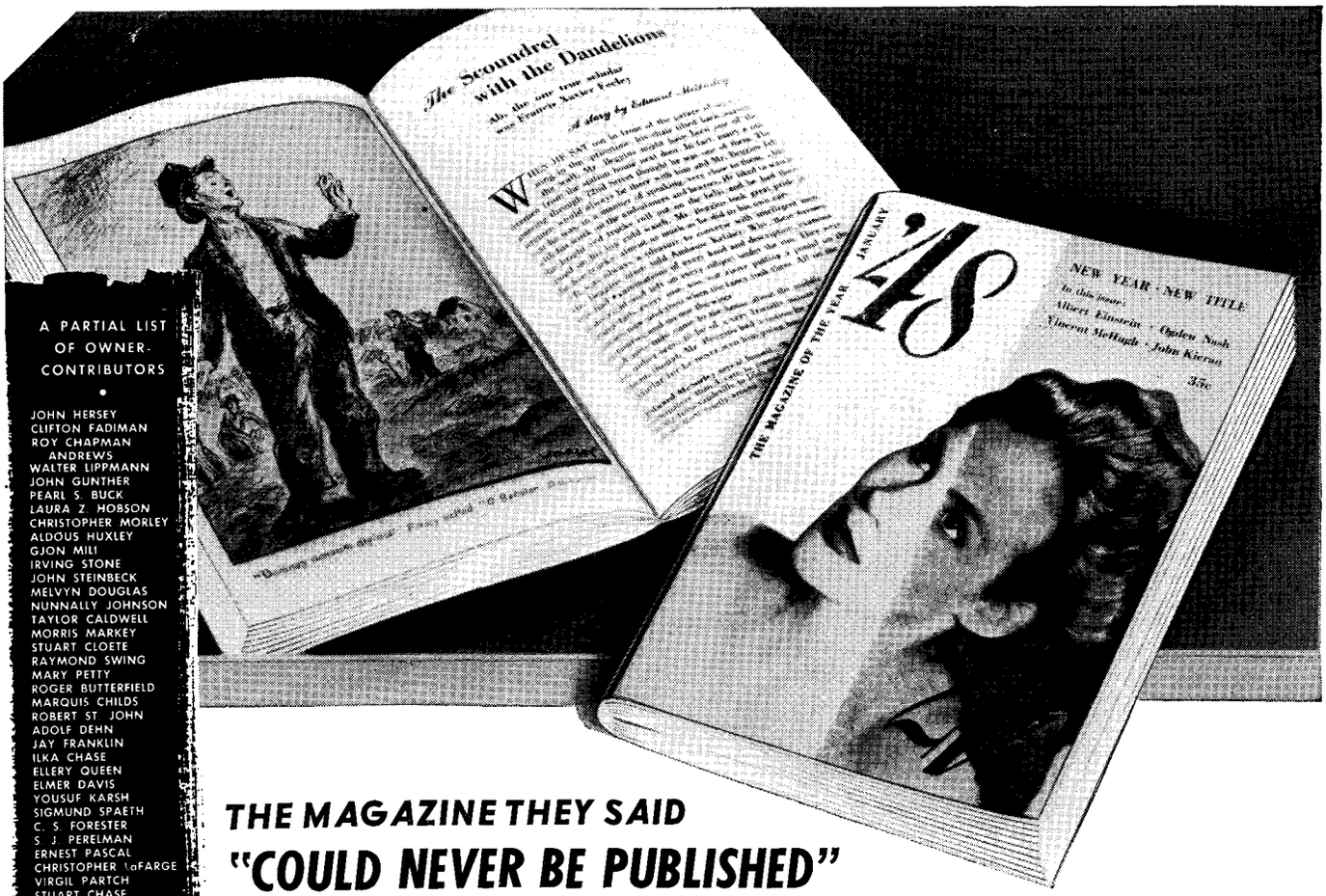

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